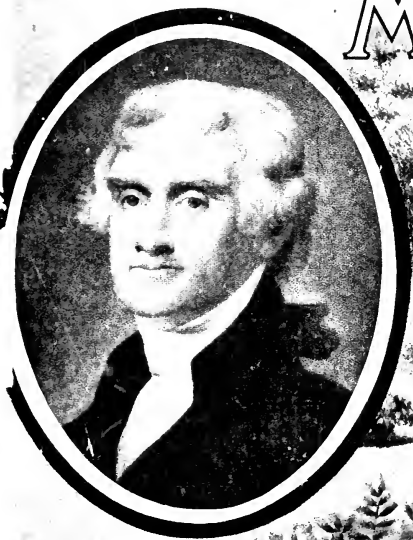


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WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE

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SYDNEY LANIER

EDITORIALS

An Estimate of Abraham Lincoln

(The Editor of a Northern magazine applied to me for an article on Abraham Lincoln.

After some hesitation, I decided to comply with the request. In doing so, my rule of SAYING WHAT I THINK was followed. Mr. Lincoln was "sized up", just as I would try to measure the proportions of Cromwell, of Robert Bruce or of Gladstone, or any other historical character.

But the Northern editor was "afraid" my article would stir up "sectional feeling." He, therefore, returned it with the polite letter which follows.

Whosoever reads this rejected Lincoln article, which the Jeffersonian Magazine now presents, will probably feel some surprise that so liberal an estimate of Mr. Lincoln was ruled out, as contraband, by a non-political Northern magazine.

It is proper for me to say that so much of the article as follows the paragraph in which the South's feeling toward Mr. Lincoln is expressed, was written after the Ms. came back. Even with these additions, I fear that my Northern brother would have been afraid to publish my estimate of Lincoln.

"New York, November 21, 1908.

"The Hon. Thomas E. Watson,

"Dear Sir: We have read your estimate of Abraham Lincoln. We tried our best to figure out some way by which it could be shaped around in a manner that would be suitable for our magazine. You see, first of all, in dealing with Lincoln or any Civil War subject we cannot afford in any way to stir up sectional feeling. I am afraid your article is open to criticism in this respect. If you were only in New York, and we could go over this thing personally, I have no doubt but what we might frame up an article that would be mutually satisfactory. The time is so limited that I suppose we will just have to give it up. Yours very truly,

Editorial Department.")

When the editor of ——— Magazine applied to me for an article on Abraham Lincoln, my first inclination was to decline the commission. Although it is high time that some one should strike a note of sanity in the universal laudation of Mr. Lincoln, a Southern man is not, perhaps, the proper person to do it. On further consideration, however, it occurred to me that my position was radically different from that of any other public man in the South. People on the other side of Mason and Dixon's line cannot be ignorant or oblivious of the fact that for the last twenty years I have waged warfare upon the Bourbonism of my own section and the narrowness of my own people. In every possible way I have appealed to them to rise above sectional prejudice and party bigotry. While I, myself, have suffered terribly during this long series of years, some good has followed my work. Twenty years ago, a white man in the South who openly professed himself a member of the Republican party was socially ostracised. Every one realizes how completely that state of things has been revolutionized,—we see it in the heavy Republican vote cast in Southern States in the recent election; we see it in the ovations given to Mr. Roosevelt and to Mr. Taft in the Southern cities.

My part in bringing about this change for the better is so well known in the North that no well informed man or woman will attribute to sectionalism anything in my estimate of Mr. Lincoln which may appear to be harsh or unjust.

Let us see to what extent the adulation of Mr. Lincoln has gone.

In Harper's Weekly for November 7th, 1908, a British gentleman of the name of P. D. Ross offers to amend the high estimate which Colonel Harvey had already placed upon Mr. Lincoln by classing our martyred President as "The greatest man the world has produced." Colonel Harvey soberly accepts the amendment,—thus Miss Ida Tarbell is left far behind, and Hay and Nicolay eclipsed.

One of the more recent biographers of Mr. Lincoln hotly denounced as untrue the statement that "He used to sit around and tell anecdotes like a traveling man."

Do we not all remember how, as children, we were fascinated with the story of "The Scottish Chiefs", by Miss Jane Porter? Did not the Sir William Wallace of that good lady's romance appeal to us as a perfect hero, an ideal knight, exemplifying in himself the loftiest type of chivalry? Yet, when we grew to be older, we were not surprised to learn that Sir Walter Scott—certainly a good judge of such matters, and certainly a patriotic Scotchman—wrathfully and contemptuously found fault with Miss Porter because she had made "a fine gentleman" out of a great, rugged, national hero. Every well balanced American, North and South, ought to feel the same way toward those authors who take Abraham Lincoln into their hands, dress him up, tone him down, polish him and change him until he is no longer the same man.

The outpouring of Lincolnian eulogy which will greet the country in February will probably be all of a sort—indiscriminate praise—each orator and speaker straining and struggling to carry the high water mark of laudation higher than it has ever yet gone.

Let us study Mr. Lincoln with an earnest desire to find out what he was. Let it be remembered that the biography of him written by his law partner, Mr. Herndon, was that biography in which the best picture of him might have been expected. His law partner was his friend, person-

ally and politically. It was that law partner who converted him to abolitionism. To the task of writing the biography of the deceased member of the firm, Mr. Herndon brought devotion to the memory of a man whom he had respected and loved; yet, being honest, he told the truth about Mr. Lincoln,—painting his portrait with the warts on. *The fact that this record, written by a sorrowing friend, was destroyed*, and a spurious, after-thought Herndon biography put in its place, must always be a fact worthy of serious consideration.

I can imagine one of the reasons for the suppression of Herndon's original manuscript when I note, with amusement, the vigor and indignation with which a later biographer defends Mr. Lincoln from the terrible accusation of "sitting around and telling anecdotes to amuse a crowd."

Those who take the least pains to ascertain the facts as to Mr. Lincoln's story telling habits soon convince themselves that nothing said upon the subject could well be an exaggeration. In his day, the broadest, vulgarest anecdotes were current in the South and West, and thousands of public men, who ought to have been ashamed of themselves for doing so, made a practice of repeating these stories to juries in the court house, to crowds on the hustings, and to groups in the streets, stores and hotels.

Upon one occasion, while I was in conversation with Thomas H. Tibbles, a surviving personal acquaintance of John Brown and Abraham Lincoln, I interrogated him eagerly as to both. Directing his attention to this matter of Mr. Lincoln's alleged fondness for the relation of smutty stories, Mr. Tibbles very promptly replied that the very first time he ever saw Mr. Lincoln he was directed to his room in the hotel by a series of bursts of loud laughter. Mr. Tibbles' curiosity was aroused by the continuous hilarity which resounded from this particular room and he went to it. There he found a great, long, raw-boned man seated in a chair with his big feet up on the table, telling smutty yarns to a circle of men who were exploding with laughter at the end of each story.

Every man must be judged by the standards of his time. People of elegance and refinement, according to the standards of the Elizabethan age, listened to comedies which were considered in good taste then, but which would not be tolerated in any decent community now. The manners of the West and of the rural South in Mr. Lincoln's day, were quite different from what they are now. Even now, however, there are men who call themselves gentlemen, and women who think they are ladies, that make a specialty of cultivating a talent for the relation of doubtful stories. The fact that Mr. Lincoln let his gift of entertainment and his fondness for the humorous lead him down to the low plane of his audience does not by any means indicate a defect of heart or mind. As a lawyer and as a politician, it was a part of his business to cultivate popularity. He made friends in just such circles as that into which Mr. Tibbles walked. The men who laughed with Mr. Lincoln, enjoying the inimitable way in which he related anecdotes, naturally warmed to him, and they gave him verdicts and votes.

Mr. P. D. Ross, Editor of the *Ottawa (Canada) National*, claims that Mr. Lincoln was "The greatest man the world has produced", and the editor of *Harper's Weekly* soberly falls into line.

Well, there should be some standard by which one is enabled to measure a man's greatness. Mr. Lincoln was a lawyer, a statesman, and a chief magistrate of a republic. In each of these capacities let us see what was his rank.

Does any one claim that he was the greatest lawyer that ever lived? Surely not. There is not the slightest doubt that Mr. Lincoln was a famous verdict getter. He could do about as much with a jury as any advocate in the West, but he certainly never won any court house victories that were more famous than those of Dan Voorhees, Emory Storrs, Bob Ingersoll, Matt Carpenter, Sargent Prentiss, Robert Toombs and of scores of other lawyers who could easily be named. In knowledge of the law, force of mental power of the judicial sort,—such as Chief Justice John Marshall and Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate had,—does anybody for a moment claim that Mr. Lincoln out-ranks all other lawyers? Surely not. He is not to be named in the same class as Reverdy Johnson, Jeremiah Black, or Senator Edmunds, Charles O'Connor,—to say nothing of Jeremiah Mason, of Massachusetts, and Luther Martin, of Maryland, William Pinckney, of the same State, and Edmund Randolph, of Virginia.

Mr. Lincoln served in Congress. Did he cut any figure there? None whatever. He appeared to be out of his element. His Congressional record is not to be compared to that of Thaddeus Stevens or Stephen A. Douglas. We look into the lives of such men as Benjamin Franklin, the elder Adams, of Thomas Jefferson, of Clay, Calhoun and Webster, of Alexander Hamilton and George Washington, and there is no trouble in finding *their* foot-prints on the sands of time; but in the achievements of statesmanship *where are the foot-prints of Mr. Lincoln?* You will look into the statute-books in vain to find them. We have a great financial policy, born of the creative, forceful statesmanship of Alexander Hamilton and Henry Clay; we have a great protective system, owing its origin to the same two statesmen; we have a great homestead policy, which owes its birth to Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee; we have a great national policy of internal improvements, but Mr. Lincoln was not its father. *Consequently, there is not a single national line of policy which owes its paternity to this statesman whom Mr. Ross classes as "The great-est man the world has produced."*

In the State of Illinois, compare Mr. Lincoln's work with Mr. Jefferson's work in the State of Virginia. Did Mr. Lincoln leave his impress any where upon the established order in Illinois? I have never heard of it. In Virginia, Jefferson found the church and state united, both taxing the people and dividing the spoils. Mr. Jefferson divorced the church from the state, confiscated the church's ill-gotten wealth, devoting it to charitable and educational purposes; and put an end to legalized religious intolerance. In Virginia there was a land monopoly, perpetuated by entails and primogenitures. Mr. Jefferson made war upon it, broke it up, and thus overthrew the local aristocracy. He formulated a school system and established in America its first modern college. Can anything which Mr. Lincoln, the statesman, did in Illinois compare with Mr. Jefferson's work in Virginia?

So far as national statesmanship is concerned, Mr. Lincoln is not to be classed with either of "The Great Trio", nor with Mr. Jefferson, nor with Alexander Hamilton. Each of the five named were statesmen of the first order, possessing original, creative ability in that field of work. There is no evidence whatever that Mr. Lincoln possessed that talent.

It must be, then, as chief-magistrate of the republic that he won the title of "great." That, in fact, is the case. He was a great chief-

executive. As such, he deserves immortality. Because he sealed his work with his life blood, his memory will always be sacred. But, is it absolutely certain that no other American would have succeeded in piloting the vessel of state through the storm of the Civil War? Is it quite certain that Stephen A. Douglas, himself, would not have succeeded where Mr. Lincoln succeeded? Who knows and can dogmatically say that Thaddeus Stevens or Oliver Morton, or Zach Chandler, or Ben Wade could not have done it? What was it that Mr. Lincoln did during the Civil War that was so much greater and grander than what might have been expected from Andrew Jackson in the same crisis? Somehow I fail to see it. He did not lose courage, but there were brave men before Agamemnon, and the world has never been lacking in heroic types that stand forth and meet emergencies.

In studying Mr. Lincoln's course during the Civil War we can discover a great deal of patience, a great deal of tact, a great deal of diplomacy, a great deal of determination to win, a great deal of consecration to patriotic duty. He struck the right key-note when he said that he was fighting not to free the negroes but to preserve the Union. This insight into the situation which enabled him to take the strongest possible position showed political genius of a high order. This alone would entitle him to be classed as a great statesman, a great chief magistrate, a great national leader.

When we calmly reflect upon what he had to do, and the means which were at his command for doing it, we see nothing in the result that borders upon the miraculous. All the advantage was on his side. The fire-eaters of the South played into his hands beautifully. They were so very blind to what was necessary for their success that they even surrendered possession of Washington City, when they might just as well have held it and rushed their troops to it, thus making sure not only of Baltimore, but of the whole State of Maryland—to say nothing of the enormous moral advantage of holding possession of the capital of the nation. It was a clever strategy which, while talking peace, adopted those measures which compelled the Confederate authorities to fire upon the flag at Fort Sumter. But that most effective bit of strategy appears to have had its birth in the fertile brain of William H. Seward. The diplomacy which kept dangling before the eyes of the border states the promise to pay for the slaves until the necessity of duping the waverers had passed, was clever in its way; but there is no evidence that the fine Italian hand of Mr. Seward was not in this policy also.

After the battle of Bull Run, Congress passed a resolution declaring that the war was being waged for the sole purpose of preserving the Union, and that the Federal Government had no intention of interfering with slavery. This was subtle politics and it had the desired effect upon the doubtful Southern States; but there is no evidence that Mr. Lincoln was the first to suggest the resolution.

Was Mr. Lincoln sincere in making the beautiful and touching plea for peace, in his first inaugural? Unquestionably. Yet he would make no concessions, nor encourage any efforts at reconciliation. He opposed the Crittenden Compromise, which demanded no sacrifice of principle by the North and which surrendered much that had been claimed by the South. Of the 1,200,000 square miles of public domain, the Southern

leaders offered to close 900,000 square miles to slavery, leaving it to the people of the remaining 300,000 square miles to decide for or against slavery when they came to frame their state constitutions. Democrats, North and South, favored this Compromise. The Republicans rejected it. Then, the last hope of peaceable settlement was gone.

Mr. Lincoln threw his influence as President-elect against the Peace Congress, and rejected the South's offer to adjust the sectional differences by a restoration and extension of the old Missouri Compromise line.

The proclamation in which Mr. Lincoln assured the seceding states that slavery should not be disturbed provided the insurgents laid down their arms by the 1st of January, 1863, proves that Mr. Lincoln is not entitled to the very great credit that is given him for signing the Emancipation Act. Mr. Lincoln was never a rabid abolitionist, and was an eleventh hour man, at that; he bore none of the brunt of the pioneers' fight; he could show no such scars as Wendell Phillips and Lloyd Garrison and Cassius M. Clay carried; he never ran the risk of becoming a martyr, like Lovejoy; he stood aside, a good Whig, until the abolition movement was sweeping his own section, and then he fell into line with it like a practical, sensible, adjustable politician. He himself joked about the manner in which Thaddeus Stevens, Benjamin Wade and Charles Sumner nagged at him from week to week, and month to month, because of his luke-warmness in the matter of emancipation. Of and concerning those three more rabid abolitionists, Mr. Lincoln told his somewhat celebrated anecdote of the little Sunday School boy and those "same three damn fellows, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego."

Not until it became a military necessity to do it, did Mr. Lincoln sign the Emancipation Act. Therefore, his hand having been forced by military policy rather than by the dictates of philanthropy, it does not seem just to class him with the crusaders of the abolition government.

If he meant what he said in his famous letter to Alexander H. Stephens, if he meant what he said even in his last inaugural,—to say nothing of the first,—it was never Lincoln's intention to go farther than to combat the South in her efforts to extend slavery into the free states and territories.

In guiding the non-seceding states through the perils of civil strife, Mr. Lincoln's position was never so difficult as was that of Mazarin, nor that of Richelieu; not so difficult as that of Cromwell; not so difficult as that of William the Silent, or William of Orange, and very much less difficult than that of the younger Pitt,—“the pilot that weathered the storm” of the revolutionary and Napoleonic wars. Mr. Lincoln's achievements as chief magistrate and as a statesman certainly do not outrank those of George Washington, nor even those of Cavour, to whom modern Italy owes her existence; nor of Bismarck, creator of the German Empire. *Finally, it should be remembered that the South was combating the Spirit of the Age and the Conscience of Mankind.* This fact lightened Mr. Lincoln's task, immensely.

How do the people of the South feel toward Lincoln? Kindly. We honor his memory. We think that he was broad-minded, free from vindictiveness, free from sectionalism, free from class-hatred. We think he was a strong man, a sagacious man, and a very determined man. We have always regarded his assassination as the worst blow the South got

after Appomattox. We think that he, alone, could have stemmed the torrent of sectional hatred, and could have worked out a simple plan of restoring the seceding states to the Union which would have reunited the family without that carnival of debauchery and crime known as the "Reconstruction period."

We think that the man who made the appeal to the South which he made in his first inaugural, and the man who at Gettysburg, soon after the battle, praised the courage of the troops who made the effort to storm such heights as those, and who on the night of Lee's surrender called upon the bands to play "Dixie," was not a bitter partizan of the Thaddeus Stevens stripe, who, after the guns had been stacked and the flags furled, would have used all of the tremendous and irresistible power of the Federal Government to humiliate, outrage, despoil and drive to desperation a people who were already in the dust.

It is not true that Mr. Lincoln offered generous terms to the South at the Hampton Roads Conference. He did not say to the Confederate Commissioners, "Write the word 'Union' first and you may write whatever you please after that."

It is not true that he offered payment for the slaves.

The official reports made to both Governments, as well as Mr. Stephens' story of the celebrated Conference, conclusively prove that Mr. Lincoln demanded the unconditional surrender of the Confederacy as a preliminary to any discussion of terms.

In fact, at the close of the Conference of four hours, Mr. R. M. T. Hunter, one of the Confederate Commissioners, feelingly complained of the harshness and humiliation involved in the "unconditional surrender" demanded of the seceding states.

Mr. Lincoln declined to commit himself, *officially*, to the proposition that the South, by laying down her arms and submitting to the restoration of the national authority throughout her limits, could resume her former relations to the Government. *Personally*, he thought she could. He refused *officially* to commit himself on the subject of paying the slave-owners for their slaves. *Personally*, he was willing to be taxed for that purpose, and he *believed* that the Northern people held the same views. He knew of some who favored a Congressional appropriation of \$400,000,000 for that purpose. But give any pledges? Oh, no. The Confederacy must first abolish itself,—*then* there would be a discussion of terms!

Fort Fisher, North Carolina, had recently fallen; the Confederacy was reeling under the shock of repeated disaster, the thin battle lines of the Gray were almost exhausted,—and Mr. Lincoln was now certain that secession was doomed.

In the "Recollections" of J. R. Gilmore, there is a curious account of an informal mission undertaken by himself and Col. J. F. Jaquess for the purpose of ending the war. According to Gilmore, he went to Washington, had an interview with Mr. Lincoln, and drew from him a statement of the terms which he was willing to offer the Confederate Government.

The gist of his several propositions was that the Confederacy should dissolve, the armies disband, the seceding states acknowledge national authority and come back into Congress with their representatives, that slavery should be abolished and that \$500,000,000 be paid the South for the slaves. This was in June 1864.

Gilmore and Colonel Jaquess were given passage through the lines, went to Richmond and saw Mr. Davis. After listening to the unofficial proposals of the self-appointed envoys, Mr. Davis declared that the South was not struggling to maintain slavery, but to make good "*our right to govern ourselves.*"

As the terms offered took away this fundamental right from the South, Mr. Davis declined to treat.

How hopeless, at that time, must have seemed the cause for which Jefferson Davis stood! How eternally assured that of Mr. Lincoln! Yet, see how old Father Time works his miracles,—the Jefferson Davis principle has risen from the ashes, a very Phoenix of life immortal. The Lincoln position has been abandoned by the Party which made him its first President. The cause of Home Rule is stronger throughout the world than when the fugitive President of the broken Confederacy faced his official family, at its last Cabinet meeting, in the village of Washington, Georgia, and asked, despairingly, "*Is it all over?*"

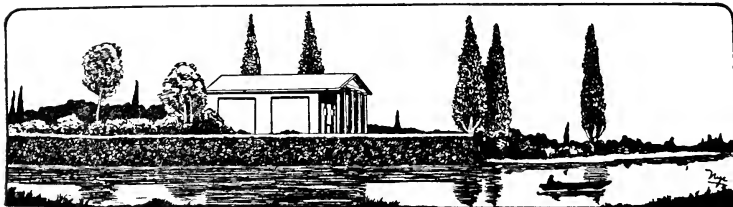
The hateful Amendments, which struck so foul and cruel a blow at "*our right to govern ourselves,*" are now nothing more than monuments reared by political partisans to their own vindictive passions. The better element throughout the North would be glad to forget them. They have been distorted by the Federal Judiciary and have proven to be a curse to the whole country, in that they are the refuge of the corporations which plunder the people.

Republican leaders look on, acquiescent, while state after state that seceded from the Union puts into practice the principle for which the South fought in the Civil War,—the right to regulate our own domestic concerns.

A Republican President has made an Ex-Confederate soldier the official head of the military establishment of the United States; a Republican President has stood his ground against negro resentment upon the proposition that the South may disfranchise the negroes if she likes; a Republican President-elect manfully held the same position throughout a heated campaign in which niggerites and Bryanites assaulted both Taft and Roosevelt because of this pro-Southern attitude.

"*We are fighting, not for slavery, but for the right to govern ourselves.*" So said our President; so said our Statesmen; so said our soldiers; so said our civilians. And today we are vindicated.

The insanest war in history, as one studies it, is seen to have been fought for a principle which both sides now admit to have been right, and which Mr. Lincoln repeatedly and most earnestly declared was right, before a shot was fired.



Why Mr. Bryan Can Never Be President

In 1896, it cost the Republicans six million dollars to defeat Bryan; in 1900, it cost them four millions; in 1908, they "beat him to a frazzle" with less than two millions.

In 1896, every chance was in his favor; he was young, handsome, magnetic, eloquent, without a stain on his record. In the general enthusiasm aroused by his "crown-of-thorns, cross-of-gold" speech, people did not give heed to the craftiness and selfishness of the Bland delegate who used Bland's name as a stalking horse to get the nomination for himself. For twenty years Richard P. Bland had labored for Bi-metallism. He had won the fight by sheer bull-dog pluck. The Bland-Allison act of 1878 was a Bland triumph. The Sherman law of 1890 was a Bland victory, for Sherman himself said it must be passed to head off a free-coinage act. When the Congress of 1892 convened, the Bland forces had an overwhelming majority. Why then could we not make a law restoring the white metal to its constitutional place as the equal of gold? Because, in the contest for the Speakership, the Northern Congressmen *got control of the Committees as an exchange for the office of Speaker.*

But the tide of public feeling in favor of "Constitutional money" kept on rising, and there is no doubt whatever that a majority of our people in 1896, favored Bi-metallism. But Bryan, cunning and ambitious, used his opportunities as a Bland delegate to undermine Bland, and at the psychological moment treated Bland to what Garfield had treated Sherman.

What had Bryan done for Bi-metallism? Nothing. He did not even understand the true meaning of it. As for Bland, he had fought the battle of "Constitutional money" while Bryan was at school, and when, in the hour of Silver's triumph, the hero of its struggle was cast aside by his ungrateful party, it broke the old man's heart and he died.

When I think of the long series of years during which Mr. Bland was the unflinching, untiring leader of the forces of Bi-metallism, and when I think of the very substantial fruits of his labors, the manner in which Bryan and the Democratic party flung him aside—the old horse turned out to graze till he should drop—seems to me to be one of the most convincing illustrations of the fact that "*politics is hell.*"

Having captured the Democratic nomination, Bryan turned his attention to the Populists. They had proved that they could poll nearly two million votes. Bryan wanted them. Through Allen of Nebraska and Jones of Arkansas he laid his plans to get them. By as foul a trick as ever was played in American politics, the Populist Convention was inveigled into giving its Presidential nomination to Bryan. Having got what he sought, he broke the contract, turned a deaf ear to all appeals, underrated the measure of Mid-road Populist resentment, invaded "the enemy's country," cherished the delusion that he could win New England, hung on to the impossible Sewall, and so lost the Presidency.

It is a fact that the Republicans had no hope of success, after the action of the Populist Convention, until Bryan himself adopted the insane policy of making the race with two Vice-Presidential candidates swinging on to the ticket.

In that campaign, the whole money-question was dwarfed to the discussion of "Free Silver." The great issue of Constitutional, scientific Bi-metallism was shunted on to the spur track of Free Silver. In that campaign he lost the East and the North, irrevocably. Instead of making a strong, broad, easily understood plea for a restoration of the financial system of Jefferson, of Madison, of Monroe, of Jackson, of Benton, of Calhoun, he selected that detail of the money-question which was of the least consequence, which was the most difficult to explain to the ordinary voter, and which,—on account of the selfish interests of the Silver Kings—lent itself most favorably to Republican assault.

This error was Bryan's own folly, for the Greenbacker and the Populist had already demonstrated the advantage of treating the question in the broad, fundamental way. To this day, Mr. Bryan pays the penalty. To the business world, of every section of the Union, he is known as the "Free Silver" crank, and the business world is dead against him.

In 1900, the Spanish war had temporarily engulfed economic questions. Bryan was astute enough to feel this; consequently, he discovered a new Paramount Issue. It was Imperialism. But Bryan was not the man to derive any benefit from it, for the simple reason that he was as much responsible for it as the Republicans themselves. Tired of camp life at Tampa, Mr. Bryan hurried to Washington City, exerted his personal influence with certain Democratic Senators, and prevailed upon Senator Clay and others to vote with the Republicans to ratify the Treaty of Paris.

As our Imperialism grows out of this Treaty, Mr. Bryan's political dishonesty in raising such an issue against the Republicans was so glaring that they had very much less trouble in defeating him in 1900 than they had had in 1896.

Then came the ugly affair of the Bennett will; of Bryan's acceptance of gifts of money aggregating \$12,000; of his efforts to secure, secretly, a legacy of \$50,000; of his astonishing lack of delicacy in drawing up, in his home, a will for a dotting old man who was Bryan's guest; of his mercenary persistence in his struggle against Bennett's widow; of his claim for a large fee as Executor of a will which he had drawn and which the courts had set aside.

Then came the revelation that while appearing to the public as the devoted, unselfish, patriotic champion of Free Silver, he had been in the pay of the Silver Kings all the time. *Then* we could understand why he had narrowed the money question to that pitiful detail. Millionaire Silver Mine-owners, like Marcus Daly and William A. Clark, didn't care a rap about Constitutional money. What they wanted was the personal profit to be gained by them in carrying fifty cents' worth of the white metal to the U. S. Mints and having it turned into a dollar. Free Silver meant millions of dollars to these Silver Kings. Therefore they paid Bryan big prices to make speeches for Free Silver. And the Peerless orator stuck to his text. And when the Silver Kings discontinued the pay, Mr. Bryan discontinued the speeches.

Afterwards came the campaign against Parker's nomination in 1904.

Pretty much everything that could be said to prove that such a nomination would be a base betrayal of the Jeffersonian element of the Democratic party, Bryan said. In Chicago, notably, he hired a hall, collected the faithful around him, made an impassioned speech setting forth the shame of such a Ryan-Belmont candidacy as that of Parker, and said that a Democrat ought to be ready and willing to die rather than submit to such a surrender of principle as would be involved in the nomination of Parker.

Similar heroic declarations Mr. Bryan made against the Clevelandites, the Wall Street element of his party, the undemocratic advocates of the British gold standard which had chained the world to London. In his book, in his paper, in his speeches,—particularly at Birmingham,—he vowed that he would never support a gold standard candidate and that he would quit the Democrats if the party adopted a gold standard platform.

"Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" That was the tone of Bryan's indignant reply whenever he was asked whether he would follow his party if it deserted its principles.

Alas! The heroics sounded well—but where was the hero?

We admit that Bryan made a great fight against the Ryan-Belmont hirelings in the Democratic National Convention of 1904. His forensic powers are of a high order, and they were magnificently displayed in that debate. But he wasn't true grit, wasn't dead game,—did not prove himself a thoroughbred. No, he is not the kind of bird that dies in the cock-pit; he showed the "dominecker."

Had he met Parker's gold telegram with a defiant, "I accept the challenge! Let those who are true to Democratic principles follow me out of this Convention!" he would have smashed the Ryan-Belmont slate, forced Parker out of the lists, won the nomination for himself, and *might* have been President.

But he sunk the popular hero into the party hack,—let them put the harness on, hitch him up and drive him in a direction that his record, his vows and his convictions made it a disgrace for him to travel.

Then came the speeches in which he said as much in favor of Parker as he had said against him,—and Parker had not changed a bit. The change was *there*, and it was vast,—but it was in Bryan.

Then came the swing backwards to radicalism again. Bryan spoke at the Jefferson Day banquet in Chicago in 1906 and said that the time had come for the Democratic party to declare itself in favor of the Government Ownership of the railroads. He advanced the proposition that the states should own the local lines while Uncle Sam ran the trunk lines. This absurd plan was the burden of the Bryan talk and Bryan editorials for more than a year,—long enough for the whole country to realize what an impractical "statesman" he is. So ludicrous a "break" queered him still further with the men of the business-world, and told heavily against him in the campaign of this year.

Then, after his home-coming speech in Madison Square Garden, he made his final declaration in favor of Government Ownership. Having toured Europe and witnessed the advantages of State-owned public utilities, his own convictions in favor of that system had been strengthened.

But Democratic editors and politicians raised a Bourbon outcry

against Government Ownership, and Bryan, after shuffling about awhile, took to the woods.

Then he fell in love with the Initiative and Referendum. Mightily in favor of giving Direct Legislation to the people was Bryan. But again the Bourbons raised their hands in holy horror, and again Bryan flunked. "Willing to teach the children that the earth is flat, or that it is round, whichever a majority of the School Board prefer";—that's the kind of pedagogue partisan politics has made out of W. J. B.

Then we heard him endorse Roosevelt, and agree with the President that Congress ought to pay the campaign expenses of the two old twins, —Chang and Eng,—and that honest bankers should be punished for crimes *they* didn't commit, and that the Government should not establish Postal savings banks but should perpetuate the National banks!

Then we saw him dictate the Denver platform which is more Hamiltonian than the Parker platform of 1904, and less favorable to the masses than the platform of Mr. Taft. We saw him choose a Standard Oil tool for the Chairmanship of his Finance Committee; we saw the Tobacco represented on the same Committee; we saw him courting David B. Hill, Judge Parker, Charles Murphy, Pat McCarren and "Fingy" Conners; we saw him yoke up with the liquor interests in Maine, Indiana and Ohio; we saw him change his whole political creed until Ryan, Belmont, Harriman and Rockefeller had nothing to fear from him, and we saw him conduct a campaign in which he stood for no distinct vital *democratic principle*, whatever. Then we saw him dodge when the President asked him, through the newspapers, how he stood on the Pearre bill which seeks to have Congress declare that a man's business is not entitled to the same protection as his property. Impaled on that point, Bryan could do nothing but squirm.

Then indeed, he lost out with level-headed men of all parties.

II.

Burdened with the record of his own instability, Bryan this year lost, practically, everything excepting the South. True, he got Nevada (two electoral votes,) and Colorado (five votes,) and Nebraska, (eight votes,) but this state he carried by making a piteous, tearful personal appeal,—and even then he got only a plurality, not a majority, and ran far behind the Democratic State ticket; but the West has repudiated him, just as the South and East have done.

It would not be worth while to dwell upon the humiliation of that political serfdom which kept the South in the Bryan column.

The South voted for Bryan, *and is glad he wasn't elected*. Everybody, who knows anything, knows *that*. The fact ought to be able to penetrate the conceit of Bryan himself.

But is the fact important? It *is*, for its first consequence will be the elimination of Bryan, and its second will be the restoration of the South to her historic position in the Republic. It is the beginning of Southern self-assertion; the end of her political nullity.

Never again can Mr. Bryan hope to secure the support of the South. His record makes it impossible for her delegates to acquiesce in his nomination.

This being so, the Bryanites of other sections will recognize the folly of nominating him—for without the Solid South no Democrat can hope to win the Presidency.

When Bryan adopted that policy of Africanizing the Democratic party, he drove nails into his political coffin. The facts were not aired by the Southern papers during the campaign, but Bryan will hear from them when he bobs up serenely and goes after a fourth nomination. Ever since the Civil War, the Democratic party in the South has claimed to be the white man's party. Because it was feared that a division of the whites into two parties would result in giving to the negroes the balance of power, the Southern people have allowed the Democracy of other sections to legislate against our interests, to ignore our industrial existence, to rob our producers under forms of law, to foist upon us candidates not of our choosing, and platforms which we detested.

The Democrats of other sections were permitted to treat us as though we belonged to them, *because* we feared to divide into two competitive white parties,—feared Negro Domination.

For thirty years the South has been struggling to establish White Supremacy, and to diminish the political importance of the negro.

Yet in this campaign of 1908 we heard Bryan's lieutenant, Henry Watterson, declare that *the time had come for the Negroes to divide and thus increase their political importance*. The whole Bryanite campaign was pitched to that key. "The time has come to increase the political importance of the negro!"

In other words, the Bryanites deserted the Democratic position on the negro question, and went over to the Thad Stevens-Sumner position, at the very time that the Republicans, led by Roosevelt and Taft, were coming over to the Southern view. We saw Bryan flirting with the negro leaders, and seeking to make a Democratic asset out of the resentment which they felt because of Roosevelt's pro-Southern position on the matter of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. We likewise saw Mr. Bryan witness with seeming approval, the parade of negro clubs on whose banners were displayed extracts from Foraker's speeches denouncing the President for his dismissal from the army of the black brutes who on their way to Brownsville insolently declared "When we get there all the women will look alike to us, white, black and Mexican"; and who put a climax to a series of outrages and threats by shooting up the town—killing one man at his own gate, bringing down the Chief of police with a shattered arm, riddling hotel and private houses with bullets; and terrorizing men, women and children.

Yes, we saw Bryan receiving negro delegations who came to confer with him about the negro soldiers; we saw the colored delegations cordially met and hospitably entertained; and we heard them say, that they were perfectly satisfied with the assurances which Mr. Bryan had given them. They circulated, by the hundred thousand, a letter, bearing the names of the most prominent negroes of the land, in which the statement occurs that "*We have been in communication with Mr. Bryan for weeks and have received satisfactory assurances from him*" as to PATRONAGE, RECOGNITION, AND THE AMENDMENTS.

Mr. Bryan must have been aware of the fact that this circular letter was being used in his behalf. It is highly probable that his Campaign Committee furnished the money which paid for the printing and the mailing of it; and there is no doubt that the negro speakers who went about asking for votes for Bryan, because of Brownsville and because of the Southern Disfranchisement laws, were paid by the Bryanite Committee.

It would have been a calamity to the country had the desperate tactics of the Bryanites met with success. The impression would have been made that the negro vote elected him, and there is no telling how far that would have influenced Mr. Bryan in his official dealings with the negro leaders.

We must remember that he earnestly supported the candidacy of a negro against a white man, in Nebraska. The negro got the office. It is said that no such thing had occurred in Nebraska before.

He educated his daughter and one of his sons at the Social Equality "University of Nebraska," and another of his sons is a student there now. To this Social Equality College, Mr. Bryan annually donates two hundred and fifty dollars.

He has never uttered a word against the mixed schools of Nebraska wherein the negro children are educated on terms of Social Equality with the whites. He has never condemned the intermarriage of blacks and whites. There is no law against it in Nebraska, and miscegenation is common.

Born and reared in Illinois, Mr. Bryan holds the anti-Southern view of the race question. By birth, education and environment, he got the belief that Social Equality is right, and he practices what he believes when he sends his children to be educated along with the negroes.

How can the South, knowing these things *as she now does*, ever support Bryan again? To do so would be to reverse her position on that question which to her is the most important of all. During the heat of the campaign, Southern editors who knew of these things kept mum. It will not be so when Bryan seeks the fourth nomination.

In the next national convention of the Democratic party, the South will not be run over as the Bryanites ran over her at Denver.

If she demands the Vice-Presidency in 1912, it won't go to the attorney of the Brewers' Combine of Indiana. If Lincoln's name should again be lugged into the Convention, it will again be honored, but when the name of Robert E. Lee is mentioned it will not be hooted and hissed. Democrats of the other sections may not be pleased by the attitude of Southern delegations, but we venture the prediction that no Haskell brass-bands will insult them by tauntingly playing, "*Marching thro' Georgia.*"

III.

But it is not such a misfortune to Mr. Bryan that he will never be President. Several millions of very respectable men share that lot with him. He is rich,—the only man that ever got rich doing reform work. In Bryan's case, indeed, there has been no reform work,—just floods of talk about it.

He has friends everywhere, has no personal enemies, is of sanguine temperament, is rounding out into a comfortable fatness, has no bad habits, no gentlemanly vices, and is so unconsciously self-righteous in all that he does that he fails to realize what bad taste he displays when he introduces his wife's name into a public speech and sets forth at length her qualifications for the position of "First Lady in the land."

Personally, we bear Mr. Bryan no ill will and wish him no harm, but it is our deliberate opinion that his inordinate ambition for office and his mistakes as a leader have done more immense injury to the cause

of reform. He destroyed the Populist party, he has wrecked the Democratic party, he has driven thousands of Conservative men into the Republican ranks, and thousands of radical Democrats and Populists to the Socialists.

His career has been rich in substantial rewards to Mr. Bryan himself, but, on the whole, it has been the bane of Jeffersonian democracy.

Foreign Missions

The action of the South Georgia Conference of the Methodist Church in voting \$65,000 to Foreign Missions, last week, moves the *Jeffersonian* to say another word upon that subject.

Some time ago, the *New York World* published a statement to the effect that, out of every ninety dollars contributed in this country to the Foreign Mission fund, only one dollar reached the heathen. This is a sweeping arraignment of the honesty and efficiency of the management of the funds which we are not prepared to indorse.

Our criticism follows a different line. The question raised by the *Jeffersonian* is this,—*What moral right have American Christians to leave their own poor,—UNFED, UNCLOTHED AND UNREDEEMED,—and to drain off into foreign lands millions upon millions of American dollars to feed and clothe and redeem the poor of those foreign lands?*

It is a most serious question, Brother.

You tell us, as per formula, that we are commanded to carry the Gospel to all the world. Granted. But where are we commanded to leave our own poverty-stricken wretches to die like poisoned rats in their holes, while we relieve the physical distress of the Chinese?

What moral right have we to deny the beggar at our gate, and to heed the plaint of the Chinese beggar?

One of our private correspondents a little while ago, wrote us that a certain preacher, whose attention he called to our statements on this subject, declared that said statements "*were misleading.*"

Wherein? They could not *mislead*. If what we have said about our foreign missionaries furnishing food, clothing, medicine, fuel, etc., to foreign "converts" is the truth, our people are entitled to know it.

If our statements are false, *we* want to know it.

A very prominent and able Baptist minister,—who has long been a laborer in the Foreign Missions field,—and a well-known Methodist minister, who has been similarly engaged, *are responsible for the statements made by the Jeffersonian.*

One of these noble men said that the most discouraging thing about the Foreign Missions work was, that *when the rations to the "converts" were cut off, the convert lost interest in the Christian faith.*

What words could we employ that would arraign the system more severely?

The idea of the *Jeffersonian* is that each nation of the world should take care of its own poor. We are not responsible for pauperism, vice and crime in China. There is no more reason why we should be taxed

for contributions to maintain a commissary in Pekin or Hong Kong than in Paris, Berlin or London. We leave to the French the task of providing for the Parisian poor; we don't think of supplying food, raiment and medicine to Berlin paupers; and we consider it the duty of the English to provide for London outcasts. Why, then should we virtually coerce our American Christians into sending money to heathen lands for the purpose of relieving the physical distress of the heathen?

While penning this editorial, it occurred to us to glance at a New York exchange, for the purpose of noting *some contemporaneous instance of starvation, or of suicide because of hunger and lack of employment.* The newspapers of the North have been gruesomely full of many ghastly incidents of that kind.

Yes, *there it was*, page 3, of the N. Y. Evening Journal, of December 4th, 1908.

A white woman, sick and starving, and with a babe at her breast, fell exhausted on Fifth Avenue,—the home-street of the richest men the world has ever known. All of them are Christians. When prosecuted for their criminal methods of taking other people's property away from them, they blandly perjure themselves, escape the feeble clutches of the law, turn up serenely at church, next Sunday, and contribute handsomely to Foreign Missions.

The woman who fell starving, on the street where these richest of men live, was named Mrs. Mary Schrumm. She was young, thinly dressed, and *had not tasted food for two days. The child was nearly famished, almost frozen and had acute bronchitis.* Her husband was out of work; an old woman with whom she had found shelter had been given notice to vacate; and Mrs. Schrumm had gone into the streets to seek refuge in some one of the charitable institutions. *She had been turned away from each of these that she could reach. She had begged that her babe, at least, might be taken in. No; the babe was sick, and* THEY COULD NOT TAKE IN A SICK CHILD!

God! And we talk about *what the heathen need! The hardest-hearted heathen that Jehovah ever made are some of the scared hypocrites who call themselves Christians.*

Denied everywhere, poor Mrs. Schrumm wandered about the streets, in the bitterly cold wind, until she fell, completely tired out.

Then, indeed, charity had to sit up and take notice. The starving woman was put into an ambulance, and carried to a hospital. *She will probably recover; her child will probably die.*

Then, *what moral right* have you to let such unfortunates as these fall starving in YOUR streets, while you are sending hundreds of millions of dollars abroad to feed, clothe, physic and make fires for the hungry, "thinly clad," sick and shivering Chinese?

Doesn't your own "mother wit" tell you that *Foreign Missions could not consume such vast sums of money, IF THE MISSIONARIES LIMITED THEMSELVES TO PREACHING THE GOSPEL!*

Put on your thing cap, son.

In the New York *World* of December 5, 1908, is reported the case of George Schulze who shot himself to death, in spite of the pleadings of his wife and children, because he was out of work, had tried in vain to secure employment and was in despair.

If these were not typical cases, we would not dwell upon them. But they *are* typical cases, and you know it.

Treasure Trove

The writer of the ballad which the Jeffersonian presents to its readers this month was Clara V. Dargan. She was born near Winnsboro, S. C., the daughter of Dr. K. S. Dargan, descendant of an old Virginia family of the highest standing. Her mother was a native Charlestonian of Huguenot blood, and from her the poetess inherited vivacity, social charm and a love for romance. The Dargan family was wealthy, but lost everything by the war. Miss Dargan published many poems and short prose stories in the periodicals of the time. In 1863, she was the literary editor of the "Edgefield Advertiser."

One of her stories, "Philip, My Son," was considered by so good an authority as Henry Timrod to be equal to any story published in "Blackwood's."

"Jean to Jamie" seems to us almost the perfection of a poem of that class. The pathos of it is so genuine, so unobtrusive and so deep that one feels, instinctively, that the lines of the poem ran from the heart of one who had suffered. Henry Timrod said of it, "The verse flows with the softness of a woman's tears." The poem, published in 1866, has long since been lost to current literature. Believing it to be a treasure that ought to be recovered, we reproduce it.

Jean to Jamie

What do you think now, Jamie,
What do you think now?
'Tis many a long year since we parted;
Do you still believe Jean honest-hearted—
Do you think so now?

You did think so once, Jamie,
In the blithe spring-time;
"There's never a star in the blue sky
That's half sae true as my Jamie," quo' I—
Do you mind the time?

We were happy then, Jamie,
Too happy, I fear;
Sae we kissed farewell at the cottage door—
I never hae seen you since at that door
This many a year.

For they told you lies, Jamie;
You believed them a'!
You, who had promised to trust me true
Before the whole world—what did you do?
You believed them a'!

When they called you fause, Jamie,
 And argued it sair,
 I flashed wi' anger—I kindled wi' scorn,
 Less at you than at them; I was sae lorn.
 I couldna do mair.

After a bit while, Jamie,—
 After a while,
 I heard a' the cruel words you had said—
 The cruel, hard words; sae I bowed my head—
 Na tear—na smile—

And you took your letters, Jamie,
 Gathered them a',
 And burnt them one by one in the fire,
 And watched the bright blaze leaping higher—
 Burnt ringlet and a'!

Then back to the world, Jamie,
 Laughing went I;
 There ne'er was a merrier laugh than mine;
 What foot could outdance me—what eye outshine?
 "Puir fool!" laughed I.

But I'm weary of mirth, Jamie,
 'Tis hollowness a';
 And in these long years sin' we were parted,
 I fear I'm growing aye colder-hearted
 Than you thought ava!

I hae many lovers, Jamie,
 But I dinna care;
 I canna abide a' the nonsense they speak—
 Yet I'd go on my knees o'er Arran's gray peak
 To see thee ance mair!

I long for you back, Jamie,
 But that canna be;
 I sit all alone by the ingle at e'en,
 And think o' those sad words: "It might have been"—
 Yet never can be!

D'ye think o' the past, Jamie?
 D'ye think o' it now?
 'Twad be a bit comfort to know that ye did—
 Oh, sair, would I greet to know that ye did,
 My dear, dear Jamie!

The Passing of Lucy and Rollo

Gentle reader, did you ever steep your mind in one of those Sunday School books which were in circulation previous to our Civil War? If not, ransack your grandmother's garret until you find a specimen of that Arcadian literature.

The little boy in those blessed books never quarrelled, never had a fight, never had dirty hands, and would have been inexpressibly shocked had he made a conversational slip in grammar. He was an intolerable angel in breeches—was this little boy of the Sunday school book. *He* couldn't "talk back," nor handle slang, nor throw rocks, nor skin-the-cat, nor ride the billy-goat, nor tie things to a dog's tail, nor put a pin in a chair for somebody to sit on. If the Bad Boy hit him in the stomach, he wept meekly, quoted a text, and went home to his mamma.

In common conversation, the language of this Good Boy was drawn from wells of English undefiled. Erasmus never used choicer words; and Chesterfield was not more perfect in manners, than was this detestable Good Boy.

Among youths of his own age, he was a miniature Socrates, washed and otherwise purified. Wisdom oozed from him in hateful streams. The sagacity of sages sat on him with uncanny ease.

When a grown man spoke to this Good Boy, the G. B. never replied until he had lifted his right hand and ejaculated "Oh, Sir!" After the salute and the "Oh, Sir," came the response, which always did infinite credit to the manners, mind and heart of this outrageously Good Boy.

Life was an easy-going affair to the G. B. All things came his way. He was virtuous and he was happy. Nothing ever occurred to soil his clothes or tangle his hair. His nose never bled, he never bit his tongue, never struck his funny-bone, never mashed his thumb with the hammer, never had his drink to go the wrong way. He was never drowned while bathing in the pond, for the simple reason that he didn't "go in" on the Sabbath. The Bad Boy "went in washing" on Sunday and was drowned, as a matter of course.

Daniel in the lion's den was not safer amid the perils than was the Good Boy among the ills which are incident to boyhood. Past vicious bulls and snappish curs he walked serene and unharmed. Neither his gun, nor his pony ever kicked him; neither the wasp, nor the bee, nor the yellow-jacket ventured to sting him; nettles avoided his bare feet; no boil came to afflict his nose, nor sty to distort his eye. No limb of a tree ever broke under *him*, and gave him a nasty fall. He never tumbled into the creek, nor snagged his "pants," nor sprained his ankle, nor cut his finger, nor bumped his head, nor walked against the edge of the door at night.

Nothing could happen to this insufferable Good Boy—nothing bad, I mean. *His* shoes never blistered his heels, his hat never blew away, he never lost his handkerchief, never had a stone-bruise, never missed his lessons, never soiled his book, never played truant, and never ate anything which caused him to clap both hands to a certain place in front while he doubled up and howled.

Oh, a pink of perfection was this odious boy of the ante-bellum Sunday School books.

And next to him in comprehensive unbearableness was the little girl who was the counterpart of this little boy.

Her name was Lucy. Or, perhaps, Marielle. Or, for the sake of variety, Lucretia.

And what a portentous proposition in pantalettes she was, to be sure!

She talked just as exquisitely as did the Good Boy. Her selection

snatched her bonnet. Such a thought as that of stealing a kiss from her never entered the head of *any* boy, good, bad or indifferent.

This unearthly girl always seemed an impossibility to me, after I became a grown-up, until I chanced to read about the daughter of John Adams, second President of these United States. Mr. Adams married a stately woman whose name was Abigail. What else could you expect, if not that a girl born to John Adams and his wife, Abigail,



"Rollo, Lucy and Mariette went Together."

of words was artistic, and her grammar immaculate. If William Pitt's natural style was that of the "State Paper," the colloquial standard of Lucy, Lucretia and Marielle was that of Madame de Staël.

She walked with primness; if she ran at all, it was with dignity; she did not giggle, did not romp, never made a mud pie, never pinched the Good Boy, and was such a formidable little thing, generally, that even the Bad Boy never

would be a tremendous little girl from the very start? Her parents named *her* Abigail,—as an additional guarantee against chewing gum, coca-cola, slang, and tomboyishness.

At the age of eighteen, we find Miss Abigail Adams writing about her father as though he were some Sphinx or Pyramid that she had been viewing. Please go slow, as you read what this young lady says of her own papa:

"I discover a thousand traits of softness, delicacy and sensibility in this excellent man's character. How amiable, how respectable, how worthy of every token of my attention has this conduct rendered a parent, a father, to whom we feel due even a resignation of our opinions."

Did you ever? Just try to put yourself at the view-point of a girl who could calmly sit down and analyze her father, as a naturalist would disjoint a rare beetle. Think of a daughter referring to her



ABIGAIL ADAMS

father as "*this excellent man*," and classing him "*respectable*"! Think of a daughter dutifully conceding, in writing, that her dad is "worthy of my attention" and "even a resignation of our opinions."

And, after all, she jumped from the sublime to the ridiculous by marrying a man named Smith!

But she has restored my confidence in the girl of the Sunday-school book. Lucy *did* appear on this planet in the flesh; and when she talked and wrote her style was that of little Abigail Adams. Marielle was not an impossibility, nor was Lucretia. Even that obnoxious Good Boy was true to life—if John Adams' description of his son

John Quincy is not too highly colored by paternal pride. After reading said paternal description I can understand how it was that, while Henry Clay made friends out of those whom he refused, John Quincy Adams made enemies by his manner in granting favors.

* * * *

But no matter how many Lucys and Rollos existed prior to our War between the States, it would be mighty hard to find a Lucy or a Rollo now. Times have changed, manners have changed, types have changed. What is responsible for the bold-eyed girl—the girl of loose speech and loud manners? What is responsible for the irreverent boy—the boy of the cigarette and of *the look which undresses every handsome woman that he meets*? These are the boys that greet girls with a "Hello!" and a leer that should offend. These are the girls who shout "Hello!" to the boys, and who lie prone by the side of young men during a "straw-ride" at night. Are all such maidens the daughters of mothers who drink and gamble? Are all such youths the sons of men who have no morals? By no means. Our whole social and industrial situation has changed, and the people have changed with it.

Would that I could believe that our Public System is guiltless in this matter. Use your eyes as you pass a crowded academy and note the conditions which make against common decency—to say nothing of that deference and respect with which every properly trained boy should treat members of the other sex.

But there are causes deeper, more universal than the promiscuous mix-up in the Public Schools. The centripetal power of class legislation is drawing capital inward to the small centre of the



“‘Oh! Look,’” “Cried Lucy.”

Privileged. To the masses is left a constantly smaller proportion of the nation's annual production of wealth. In turn, this law-made and abnormal condition of things over-crowds the cities. In fact, rural life has become so unattractive that the trend of population is *from the farm to the town*. Every village has its surplus—the men and boys, white and black, who have no visible means of support and who can not be persuaded to work. In every town is the girl who hardly knows why she's there,—but she's there.

And the pace-that-kills in the Chicagos and New Yorks is faithfully represented, on a small scale, in each of our towns. Don't all of us know it? We do. But what is the remedy?

The temperance people believe that whiskey is at the bottom of the trouble. The church people believe that irreligion is the source of the evil. The school-teacher believes that education will save the day.

But can not the student of human affairs see that the demoralization incident to four years of civil strife shook our entire social system like an earthquake? Did not the Spanish war light up,—luridly, vividly, horribly,—the almost universal corruption which had seized upon the body politic?

“Eat, drink and be merry—tomorrow we die.” When a nation rings with that cry, it is close to the whirlpool. “Let us have a good time!” The man drinks and makes much of his food; the woman drinks and thinks a deal about her eating; the boy drinks and knows the good dishes; the girl drinks and daintily scans the menu. “Hello!” shouts the dashing boy; “Hello!” answers the dashing girl, and off they hurry to some place where talk, songs, pictures and conduct are “up-to-date,”—and in many and many a case the Hello couple are reeling hellward by midnight.

Don't we know that our statute-book is the Iliad of our woes?

The few are wickedly rich while

the many are helplessly poor, because the laws have been made for the purpose of bringing about that very state of affairs. There is a fierce struggle for existence which waxes more desperate every year. Men fight each other for a job, with a ferocity like that of starving dogs fighting over a bone. Girls are forced into positions where delicacy of feeling is trampled out and where it requires heroic courage to resist the tempters who are ever on her trail to pull her down.

Who does not know that the ten million dollars which one of our religious denominations recently sent abroad for Foreign Missions would be better employed if it were devoted to the breaking up of our hideous marketing of white women to lewd houses? Who does not feel that the hundreds of millions which our Government has spent in the Philippines had better have been left in the pockets of the taxpayers here at home? Who does not know that we ought to tremble for our future when we see how our law-makers have been the willing tools of those who ruin the millions of men and women, girls and boys, in order that a few hundreds of ravenous rascals like Rockefeller and Carnegie and Havemeyer and Ryan and Vanderbilt and Gould and Har-

riman shall each be richer than any king ever was?

Most of us do know it. Some of us have long been trying to arouse the patient, victimized millions to a sense of their own wrongs. But it is an up-hill work. Some despair, some scoff, some are callous, some won't listen, some are timid, some are interested in keeping things as they are, some think it is God's will that a favored few should reach the Paradise of unlimited riches while the unfavored multitudes sink into a hell of eternal wretchedness.

The lotus-eater's plaint of "*Let us alone*" is to me as fearful as that reckless, creedless, madly selfish cry "*Let us eat, drink and be merry: tomorrow we die.*"

Jay Gould contemptuously dismissed the suggestion that, some day, the American people might rise in arms against its swinish plutocracy. Said Jason, the cynical,

"I could hire one-half of the people to shoot the other half."

The man who said that was not more contemptuous of us than are the plutocrats who rule and rob us now. But perhaps what he said is the truth. They manage to keep us divided, about half and half, in the bloodless battle of ballots; perhaps, if it came to shooting they could divide us the same way.



He Certainly Was Good To Me."

New York American

A Survey of the World

By Tom Dolan

Congress Reassembles---The President's Message

The attention of the sixty-first Congress was naturally given first to the President's annual document, which this year lost none of its usual length. In its entirety it is a plea for centralization of governmental authority in "the administration," alleging that the nation cannot be "in peril from any man who derives authority from the people and who is from time to time compelled to give an account of its exercise to the people." Mr. Roosevelt should know, and does know, however, that under our present manner of electing executives "the people" are as a mass too indifferent, or too ignorant, to demand such an accounting and until election by popular vote is incorporated as a principle of proceeding, he is virtually suggesting a monarchy, upheld by a special caste consisting of the holders of Federal office and the recipients of Administrative favor.

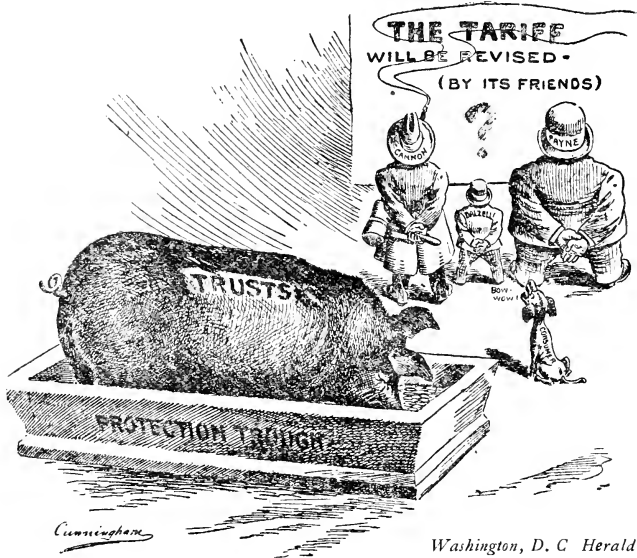
For the control of the trusts, he offers nothing new—nothing that he has not already woven into the fabric of "my policies." He denounces the Sherman law, and believes in regulation and control by strong central authority.

On the question of the currency, he was pathetically weak and eagerly willing to leave it to his monetary commission to "propose a thoroughly good system which will do away with the existing defects," and very guardedly admits that

there was a "monetary disturbance in the fall of 1907 which immensely increased the difficulty of ordinary relief."

On the labor question—a matter upon which Hamiltonians may much more safely grow expansive than those of finance—Mr. Roosevelt declared against child labor, for diminution of work on the part of women, and a general shortening of the hours of labor and for an inheritance tax that would help to equalize the burden of taxation which now falls so heavily upon those least able to bear it. He commended highly the intelligence of the labor vote, which refused to be "swung" as a unit for any candidate and took occasion to pay his respects to Mr. Taft as an ideal Judge. On protection to workmen, Mr. Roosevelt displayed a sympathetic attitude which does him much credit. "When a workman is injured, he needs not an expensive and dreadful lawsuit, but the certainty of relief through immediate administrative action. No academic theory about 'freedom of contract' should be permitted to interfere with this movement." He urged Congress to pass without delay an Employers' Liability Law, which should serve as a model, covering the District of Columbia.

Among the old issues to which Mr. Roosevelt adverted were recommendations pertaining to the preservation of forests and the encouragement of industrial education. The Philippine policy is to continue and independence is promised so indefinitely that it is appar-



ent that no voluntary relinquishment is ever intended. Both the Parcels Post and Postal Savings Banks were favored, the former being strongly urged.

Results—not the sinking of money for no adequate return—was stressed as to inland waterways. Considerations in reference to public health came in for a word, and the Pure Food Law was lauded in superlative terms. The President advocated increased appropriations for educational departments and for increasing the “now totally inadequate pay of our judges.”

Mr. Roosevelt advises abandonment of the idea of combining New Mexico and Arizona into one State, and suggests that they each be given independent Statehood.

He averred that the nation's foreign policy is “based on the theory that right must be done between nations, as between individuals.” This is a specimen of

“speaking softly.” The “Big Stick” follows almost immediately in the almost frantic state of mind he seems to be in concerning the needs for a great army and navy. Even the small boys ought to be trained in rifle practice! If he had added the hope that small girls would be taught to mould bullets and scrape lint, he would have been patriotically sublime!

That portion of his message which demands that members of legislative branch of the government be prosecuted as are those in the executive, and his sneer at Congress as being afraid of the Secret Service has created intense excitement in both houses and the language used in the message may be totally expunged from the records. Both Democrats and Republicans concur in the disposition to ignore matters of party and act in this matter, casting a stigma upon them all, as a whole.

Mr. Roosevelt's bold assertion that the Panama Canal is a model for all work of that kind will meet many challengers. Philippe Bunau-Varilla, formerly Panama minister to the United States, has just issued a statement declaring that the Canal will cost \$280,000,000 and that the plan now being carried out, owing to the dangers from the Gatun Dam, (which has already shown itself unreliable) "will result almost surely in the greatest disaster in the history of public undertakings."

The President's message, altogether, is like the President himself: commendable in some respects, partisan to a degree and strong in language rather than logic.

Reforming the House of Lords

Someone has said that every twentieth Englishman is a genius and the balance dolts, or something of that tenor. The Special committee of the House of Lords, in its report recommending a radical change in that body, seems actuated by a desire to retain as many of the twentieth type as possible and eliminate the rest.

At present, this august body contains 618 members, consisting of the royal princes, the Archbishops of York and Canterbury, two dozen minor bishops, the English peers and those Scotch and Irish peers who have been elected by their fellows to represent the nobility of these respective countries.

The committee each of the colonies send elective peers; that the 24 bishops elect one-third of their number to the Lords at each Parliament. The Archbishops are to remain permanent features and about 130 hereditary peers are to be retained, including such as have

held the position of Cabinet minister, or of Governor-General of Canada, or Viceroy of India or have enjoyed high positions in the army or navy; and all who have served for twenty years in the House of Commons. Five judges are to be added as "law lords" and of the remaining number 200 are to be elected as representative peers.

By this selective, as well as elective, method, the fittest in brains, skill and ability would survive. It is equally probable, however, that, so far as broad, progressive policies are concerned, a House of Lords so made up would be even a greater handicap to the popular will than as it stands today. The average Lord now accepts his seat therein with that nonchalance which characterizes his attitude toward those other favors of fortune which are his by birth. He feels no added pride and seldom any real obligation to interest himself in measures that come before the House. While he is an obstructionist, it is after a rather passive fashion. To change this so as to make a seat in the galaxy of Lords a prize to be contested for, while limiting the eligibles to the race in the arbitrary manner proposed, would inevitably mean a powerful governing body, supersaturated with class-consciousness and hypersensitive to the faintest breath against its own aristocratic dominance. The reactionaries would entrench themselves by electing the most brilliant men of their own views. The lonely members from Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa would have slight influence in shaping the destiny of the Empire as a whole and none as to England's domestic affairs. To public opinion, then, as now, the House of Lords would be almost impervious. How, indeed, can any set of men taught to regard them-

selves, from infancy, as superior beings, be affected by the ideas of the plebeians? They have always assumed their class to be the natural governor and guardian of the hoi polloi. If the H. P. doesn't thrive, it's not the fault of the nobility.

It is no wonder that the House of Lords itself should be shamed over the survival of a caste system which permits even an idiot, born to the purple, to share the honors and responsibilities of membership in the highest assembly of their government, but even those apologists who maintain that the Britisher of rank feels obligations to humanity as does no other public man must take fright at the proposed concentration of power the new plan would insure. Certes, after many years of thwarted hopes for bettering of general conditions, the patient English people could only rise, in holy wrath, and abolish the House of Lords altogether. And, as a real and permanent reform measure, why don't they do it now?

The German Incident Closed

"The toot of the Teuton is tootin' no more,
All sober sits Berlin, beside the
wild Spree;"

The words of this classic were never more apropos. The ebullition of German indignation over their Kaiser's indiscreet interview, published in the London Daily Telegraph recently, the salient features of which were summarized in the December Jeffersonian, has subsided and the hard words, as proverbial, have "broken no bones." That something drastic should be done to prevent such outbreaks in future, as well as to reprimand the "Great War Lord" for the unfortunate garrulity, was the generally held, resentful opinion; but *doing* it, was another matter, unless the

mincing of words between the Emperor and his Imperial Chancellor could so be construed. After their meeting for the purpose of discussing the matter, Von Bulow announced to the Reichstag that he was convinced the Kaiser would hereafter "observe that reserve, even in private conversations, which is equally indispensable in the interest of a uniform policy, and for the authority of the Crown." This assurance was further bolstered by an official publication that Emperor William "approved this statement" and "gave Prince Bulow the assurance of his continued confidence." This pacification the Reichstag was apparently glad to accept, in lieu of a constitutional guarantee of a check upon the Kaiser. During the national hysteria, when all were alike guilty of lese-majeste, it was safe to join the popular clamor. In his official capacity, no member of the Reichstag seemed bold enough to attempt to storm the fortress of "Divine Right." It would have required a now impossible unification of opposing forces in that body, under leadership fearless of the consequences to self, to have magnified the disturbance into a real revolution in the German government. So, on all sides, there was a refluent tide of displeasure—but the water-mark will remain for many a day to show that patience has its limits even in a people of almost unexampled docility. And, after having enjoyed a very carnival of free speech, they will never again submit to the gagging which has heretofore obtained.

Whether the Kaiser feels the humiliation accredited to him or not, is rather doubtful. At any rate, he viewed the storm with superb outward indifference, causing it to be understood, while he was enjoying himself on a hunting trip with the heir to the Austrian throne, that he



Freight Rates Increase

was "heedless of the exaggerations of public criticism which he regarded as incorrect." He is still The State—chance confidences with interviewers notwithstanding. But his subjects may not be quite so passive as before.

Events in China

One of the strangest, strongest characters in history passed from the stage when the Dowager Empress of China, best known to us as Tsi An, yielded to Death—her only conqueror—some time in November last. Born a slave, the story of how her wit, beauty, determination and utter unscrupulousness placed an empire boasting at least 400,000,000 subjects at her feet, is well known. For fifty years she reigned an absolute despot, while other nations rose and fell, maps were changed, the tide of Occidental civilization began to beat down the ancient barriers of her realm. Knowing that the summons had come to her, did she yet stretch out her still powerful hand and remove the weakling Emperor, whose demise preceded her own by so short a time? A physical wreck—a virtual prisoner and perhaps the vic-

tim of some brain stupefying drug, there were still dangers to be feared to the dynasty she so long upheld, and all her record shows she would not have hesitated at any step necessary to preserve the reign of the Manchus and repel the efforts which reformers might make, through Tsai-ti'ien, to hasten forward a foreign type of government. Much evil is said of the Dowager Empress—and much evil perhaps she did, according to some standards; yet she selected her ministers with some wisdom and can scarcely be censured for refusing to let herself and the Chinese masses—both intensely conservative—be harried into "reforms" for which they were unprepared. The national and racial pride of such highly informed Chinese as had received not only the education appropriate to their class at home, but who had enjoyed foreign advantages, is in nowise typical—and it must be remembered that Tsi An was dealing with "teeming millions" indeed. She was not stubbornly unprogressive, as various Imperial edicts issued within the past decade demonstrated. Indeed, it was not long since that one assurance was given that a Constitution would be granted within nine years.

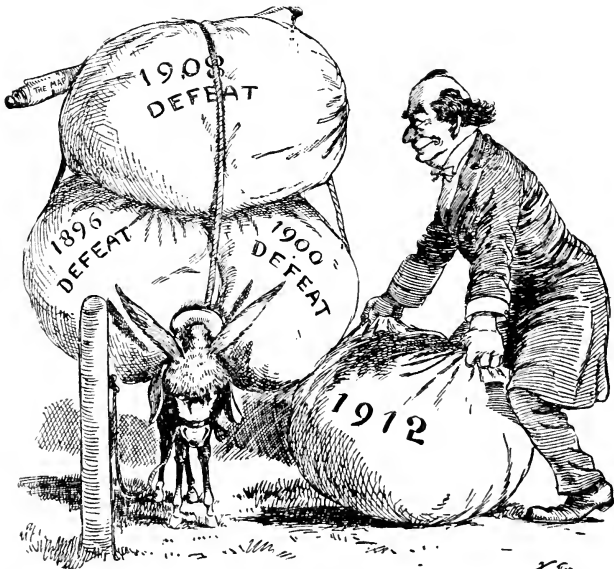
Prince Chun—named recently as regent, will link the ideas and methods of the ancient Pure Dynasty with those which must prevail long ere little Pu Yi, his baby Emperor, who toddled into the Manchu succession the other day, can take the reins of government for himself. The people have accepted the tiny monarch designed to continue the present dynasty with no ill-will. Chinese discontent has been constant for lo! these centuries, for the Manchus are a foreign Mongol race, but the almost simultaneous deaths of the nominal ruler and his iron-willed aunt, and the installa-

tion of a three-year-old as puppet king, made comparatively slight impression. Indeed, it is not likely that all China knows even yet that there has been any change, so slowly does news travel in some parts thereof. Under such torpid conditions, there may be uprisings against Viceroy in certain provinces, but anything like a general revolution will not in many years threaten the peace of the empire. The emancipation of China will come through enlightened rulers; or be deferred by intrigue within the Court. Three uprisings have taken place against the Manchu rule, but they were all before foreign interests and influence had intervened to give the yellow race a common cause against white aggression and patriotic Chinamen

and Manchus will prefer a government by all the people rather than a mere change in the throne. Unless signs speedily fail, no real "crisis" is imminent.

The Japanese Alliance and Elihu Root

"The people of the United States hold for Japan a peculiar feeling of regard and friendship" wrote Theodore Roosevelt after the visit to himself and Elihu Root of Baron Kogoro Takahira, Japanese Ambassador, last September. After much that has seemed unnecessarily subterranean in the negotiations between Takahira and the Secretary of State, admissions have been wormed from official sources that these gentlemen have consummated



"THE DONKEY IS A PATIENT ANIMAL."—W. J. Bryan

a pact that is variously regarded as a miracle of deft diplomacy; a dangerous entangling alliance or as a farcical declaration of non-binding intentions.

Subjected to examination, the "agreement" covers the following main points, stated in brief:

A mutual wish to "encourage the free and peaceful development of their commerce in the Pacific."

Since the imperialistic idea is that peace is best preserved by being prepared for war, this "peaceful development" inevitably means to the United States a vastly increased naval burden. No less if Japan be honest than if she be insincere.

The second article declares for the maintenance of the existing status quo and the "defense of the principle of equal opportunity for commerce and industry in *China*."

Has the Chinese boycott of Japanese goods anything to do with this? Takahira or Marquis Katsura, Japanese premier, please answer.

The third article obligates each nation to respect the territorial possessions in the Pacific of the other.

What territorial possessions has Uncle Sam save the Philippines, whose loss would be a good riddance?

The fourth article is nothing more than an elaboration of the second.

The fifth article reveals the purpose, the strength and the danger, of the understanding in that it pledges each government, should the present regulations in the Pacific be disturbed in anywise, "or the principle of equal opportunity, as above defined" be threatened, "to communicate with each other for the purpose of arriving at a mutual understanding with regard to the measures they may consider it useful to take."

Realizing that no treaty outright could be made without Senatorial indorsement and that this would mean a departure from all American tradition and policy, Elihu Root has framed a skillful document which creates a binding promise to consult Japan in any issue that may arise, while it escapes the odium that would attach to an actual alliance now. The real alliance would be precipitated whenever emergency, real or seeming, made it easily and logically possible to invite the conference "with regard to the measures they may consider it useful to take." It ties this American Republic to an Asiatic despotism in a manner both unseemly and unnecessary. Nothing is gained that we did not have and the sacrifice of our best traditions is saddening.

* * * *

It is not so much the complications that are to be feared, even though Russia also fronts the Pacific; even though England and China have doubtless concluded an alliance of their own and even though other world powers have interests in the Orient which they jealously guard. Australia has long viewed Japan with doubt and aversion and the news of the step taken by the United States will probably shatter a real friendship, based upon white blood and mutual ideals, that could have been cemented between that independent colony and our government. Even though the agreement had no untoward consequence, it is a melancholy fact that the American people have surrendered their constitutional right to govern themselves or control their policies as to other nations. Mr. Root has formed an alliance binding in fact,—and evading, by subterfuge, any terms upon which the Senate could base an action.

In this, Mr. Root has again shown his famous sleight-of-hand performance, "Now you see it and now you don't!" The intention to exploit China, by peaceful means, if possible, but to exploit, is clear; as is the understanding that Korea and the Philippines are to be left to their respective masters. Yet, scan the treaty again and it appears beautifully benevolent. It is indeed a piece of handiwork of which a corporation henchman may be proud as it more than sustains his reputation for ability to advise his clients how to make illegal moves without breaking the law. In the more elegant language of William C. Whitney, of New York, who was familiar with the promotion of divers deals: "I have had many lawyers tell me what we could not do, and what the law forbade. Elihu Root is the first Lawyer I ever had who could always tell me how to do legally what we wanted to do."

* * * *

Such is the record of the man who is to succeed Thomas C. Platt, as Senator from New York, Timothy L. Woodruff having been forced gracefully to renounce his claims. It will be a relief to get rid of the disgusting septuagenarian, Platt; but is a profound pity

his successor should not be a man in whom the people have confidence. Root has always been a wily corporation lawyer; he has just completed an alliance in contravention of the spirit of the Constitution and is being elevated to the Senate through Federal patronage.

He may serve his country well—but the leopard will have to change a good many of his spots.

The Standard Oil Inquiry

"It was a bad year for the trusts," wrote Edward Sherwood Meade, Professor of finance in the University of Pennsylvania, at the close of 1907. In support of his comment, Prof. Meade cited the \$29,000,000 fine levied against the Standard Oil, of Indiana, by Judge K. M. Landis, and the proceedings instituted to dissolve the Oil and Tobacco trusts. As is well known, Judge Grosscup, of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, reversed Judge Landis on technicalities and the Company was saved from the imposition of the fine through what was universally execrated as a gross miscarriage of justice. Attorney-General Bonaparte at the time expressed himself freely in demanding of Congress the enactment of "a more compre-



The Treaty Making Power Lies With Congress

Baltimore Sun

hensive law permitting appeals by the Government in criminal cases," instead of the present statutes which "give to the wealthy defendants in such cases an unfair advantage." So 1907 was not such a bad year for the Standard Oil,—but a most profitable one, as the favor extended it in the Indiana suit enabled the stock of the Company to soar to nearly 700 forthwith.

The proceedings in the latter part of 1908 by the Government to dissolve the Standard Oil are the most important ever instituted against this odious monopoly. It is almost incredible that, after 20 years of immunity, John D. Rockefeller should be forced to "show cause" why he should no longer be allowed to pursue his taciturn, undisputed spoliations. Frank B. Kellog, champion "trust-buster" has charge of the investigations which thus far have presented something the appearance of opera bouffe. The figures juggled with are so enormous, and the "forgetfulness" of Rockefeller, Archbold and other testifiers such conspicuous examples of humorous insolence, that the public mind is unprepared to hope for a satisfactory outcome to the investigation. The present administration has but a couple of months more in which to make its denunciations against the Standard Oil effective, after years of apparently righteous wrath and no one is greatly to be blamed for adopting a cynical attitude as to the expected result.

* * * *

It has been a bad year, this closing 1908, for the Tobacco folk. The victory of the tobacco growers of the Burley district of Kentucky early in December over the American Tobacco Company proves what a determined stand may accomplish on the part of the producer, without entering the Courts at all. It

is safe to say that this Christmas will have been one of the happiest ever spent by the farmers of Kentucky, among whom some \$20,000,000 will be circulating for tobacco grown and held over, some of it, for nearly two years. It will make for a peace and good-will in very truth, for the "night-riding" is considered at an end.

* * * *

Capitulation to the tobacco growers of a limited section, however, is the least of the American Tobacco Company's troubles just now, it having been declared, in suit brought by the government for its dissolution, to be a "combination in restraint of trade" which is amenable to the provisions of the Sherman Act of July 2, 1890. Appeal from this decision is being taken to the Supreme Court and upon the result of this "last resort" will hinge all that is vital in reference to the ability of the government to control the various kinds of industrial combinations engaged in inter-state traffic.

Judge Lacombe, in voicing the majority opinion of his Court, observes that: "By insensible degrees, under the operation of many causes, business, manufacturing and trading alike, has more and more developed a tendency towards larger aggregations of capital and more extensive combinations of individual enterprise. It is contended that, under existing conditions, in that way only can production be increased and cheapened, stability in reasonable prices secured and industrial progress assured. But every aggregation of individuals or of corporations, formerly independent, immediately upon its formation terminates an existing competition; whether or not some other competition may subsequently arise. The Act, as above construed, prohibits every contract



Washington Herald

or combination in restraint of competition. What benefits have come from this combination, or from others complained of, it is not material to inquire, nor need subsequent business methods be considered, nor the effects on production or prices."

Judge Noyes, who agreed with Judge Lacombe, says, in addition: "It is of much importance to many people at the present time whether the defendants have entered into an unlawful combination. It is OF THE MOST MOMENTOUS IMPORTANCE TO ALL THE PEOPLE FOR ALL THE TIME WHETHER THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT HAS POWER TO REACH INDUSTRIAL COMBINATIONS DEALING ACROSS STATE LINES."

In his dissenting opinion, Judge Ward took the position that the purposes of the defendants "should not be made to depend upon occasional illegal or oppressive acts, but must be collected on their conduct as a whole." That they strove "to increase their business and that their great success is a natural growth resulting from industry, intelligence and economy, doubtless largely helped by the volume of business and the great capital at command."

What view will the Supreme Court take? That "restraint of trade" is "restraint of trade" or that that it is *not* "restraint of trade" if only a few laws are broken, only a few competitors hurt and if defendants are not suffering for want of money?

Haytian Revolution

Amid a fanfare of banjos, a rattling of "de bones" and the patting of the Juba, General Simon entered the Presidential Palace at Port-au-Prince, capitol and chief city of Hayti, early in December, thus triumphantly concluding a decisive rebellion during which Nord Alexis, recent dictator, was forced to flee for refuge to a French vessel. Simon's election to the Presidency by the National Assembly will follow, as a matter of mere detail, providing neither General Firman, General Fouchard nor other "General" of opposing armies which contain no privates at all, pulls off another revolution before breakfast. This is a fearsome possibility, though, inasmuch as the countries to which these heroes may be induced to repair as ministers are limited; and the aspirants for the dictatorship are unlimited; besides, there may be a crop of the deposed ministers wending their way homeward to hatch up more plots—and how may all be pacified? Moreover, it had been six long, weary years since Hayti had any revolution to speak of and the appetite of the Black Republic for such diversions is not easily appeased. Serpent worship may pall and the charm of Voodoo rites wax monotonous. A chance to burn and pillage now and then helps amazingly to relieve the dullness of the island.

Hayti continues an object lesson in the progress that civilization makes when left to the care of the brother in black. It is a chunk of "Darkest Africa" left festering on the seas. The conditions there being so terrible, even in non-revolutionary periods, there are almost no white residents whose presence, in larger numbers, would force other governments to a summary clean-up of the nauseous spot. U. S. cruiser Tacoma has been dis-

patched to St. Marc and Gonaives to extend protection to those who may be in distress and to quell further threatened rioting.

The Virginia Decision

How far practice had departed from the equitable principle that all remedy in the State Courts must be exhausted before complainants might appeal their case to the United States Courts, is emphasized by the impression amounting almost to a sensation, produced by the decision, on November 30th last by the Supreme Court covering the Virginia railway rate case, wherein an injunction had first been obtained by the corporation from a lower Federal Court, preventing the enforcement of the two-cent rate prescribed by the Railway Commission of the State. This restraining order was passed May 14, 1907, and the effect thereof was to prevent the exercise of the Railway Commission's legitimate control over the passenger traffic of their State until now. The rebuke to Federal Judge Pritchard, who granted the injunction, in the reversal of his findings in favor of the railroad comes from a source which the American people have desired to esteem as their highest source of justice, and will have admirable effect. Not only will it do much to allay the irritation and the distrust which has been growing for many years against this tribunal, but it will have most salutary effect upon insolent Federal Judges and ruthless corporations. The injunction has been their sword and buckler. Ignoring the State Courts, they have rushed to obtain injunctions against the enforcement of any measure they happened to dislike. Armed with the premature mandate of a Federal officer, they have defied public opinion and the sovereign authori-

ty which created and nurtured them. A firm check on the abuse of the injunction had become a crying necessity, if the public were to respect wise injunctions and uphold the law.

The decision has been hailed with what could honestly be called "pleased surprise"—so many disappointments had led to the belief that corporate interests were obliged to triumph. Wide-spread approval has been accorded the ruling. In a few instances criticism has been proffered, to the effect that the points over which the case originally occurred are unsolved and that the question of railroad regulation is as misty as before. These are matters, however, which do not touch the principle of State's redress first, which was universal before the misconstruction of the 14th Amendment made possible such usurpation of authority as the one for which Judge Pritchard has been called down.

* * * *

Other interesting court decisions have taken place within a short period. The New Jersey Court of Appeals, for instance, has considered a knotty problem relative to its collateral inheritance law. Philo Miles, a British subject, died in London, leaving a considerable amount of stock in a New Jersey corporation and the lower courts held that the tax could be levied upon same. The Appellate Court negated this conclusion on the ground that personal property which includes stocks and bonds must follow the situs of the owner and be taxed "there and there only." They held that if every State could levy an inheritance tax upon the full estate of the deceased, his personal property being returned in the inventory of the executor or administrator, the estate of the deceased could be taxed as often as

there were States in which he chanced to have personal property at the time of his death. This would, of course, be inconceivable.

It would be helpful to know just how England, which has a National and effective inheritance tax, will manage with the property held in New Jersey by the late Mr. Miles. Much of the wealth of her citizens is represented by stocks in American corporations, mortgages upon American property and like personal effects. Possibly the heirs are more scrupulous in returning such property for taxation than are our own rich men, who think no wrong of sending out of the State all personalty for long enough to swear tax statements that are true in the letter, but utterly false in fact. To evade municipal taxation, they do not hesitate to take their securities outside the corporate limits for a day or so. The owner of a home or farm may not escape bearing the burdens of government, but those who derive annual fortunes from dividends upon "personal property" go scathless.

A national inheritance tax, with stringent provisions to enforce it, would go a long way toward evening things up.

"Holland Making Faces."

Dainty and attractive are the naval maneuvers indulged in by the little Queen of Holland against the Venezuelan government these days. If not to the entire satisfaction of The Hague, at least they will win her high plaudits from the Red Cross Society. For where was ever such consideration shown as has been displayed by this firm, feminine foe to the blustering South American President? That he has been perfectly horrid to her, all will admit. It is true that he has been entirely within his rights



A SOCIAL CALL.

New York World

in that trans-shipment decree, for the regulation of the internal commerce of his own country is a prerogative which the most modest executive might safely claim; but it is likewise indisputable that it has seriously crippled the thrifty Dutch merchants of Curacao; and, anyhow, Castro need not have been so overhearing about it, which was no way to handle a situation of that delicacy. He should have admitted that he was wrong, begged forgiveness and then, of course, she could have been no less magnanimous than to have told the sturdy burghers of Williamstedt that they must cease to cry over the milk that somebody else had a right to spill; she would have outdone his courtesy by her sweetness and all would have been well. But some men, even when Presidents, fail to understand that women are women,

even when queens, and so he was uncouth when the situation simply begged for *noblesse oblige*. Nevertheless, when Castro fell ill, Wilhelmina deferred her vengeance until he had gone to consult European surgeons. No rattling of guns or clanking of sabres if the enemy had a headache; no furor that might disturb the quiet of his citadel.

Now her fleet sails natively over the Carribean, to the vast interest of vice President Gomez, left in charge of Venezuela, and of the world at large. To coarse, husky individuals, this seems a strange proceeding, perhaps, but those cast in more delicate mold will realize that Wilhelmina kept the navy tied to her ample apron strings till now, lest the clatter of wooden sabots over the hard, white decks, might make Castro nervous.



TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT.
The hand of the law will get old John D. himself yet.

—Minneapolis Journal.

Seriously, it seems that Holland is doing little more than making a demonstration the purpose of which is uncertain. After simmering so long, the trouble between the two countries could hardly cool off, with dignity to Holland, without revocation or modification of the shipping regulations, intervention by other powers or a goodly show of resentment. If Holland is saving her face by the latter means, who could be sorry? No one doubts the courage of her people, nor that they would be met by no mean resistance in attempting to shell the Venezuelan forts and brave blood should not be spilled in a cause that seems so entirely within the scope of arbitration.

A Word About Sectarianism

That England in the present Century should be undergoing a hard-fought battle over the matter of religious control over her public schools proves the tenacity of sec-

tarian clutch when Church and State join hands in bonds of government. The new educational bill which has passed a second reading in the House of Commons is a compromise measure which embraces a Nonconformist concession to the church of what is known as "the right of entry" which permits parents or guardians to request denominational instruction for their children during certain hours—teachers being expected to volunteer for this service. On its side, the church relinquishes control of the schools and the abolition of all religious tests for the teachers. The British public is still stolidly Episcopalian and that Church yields slowly any of its prerogatives. The bill, if enacted into law, will therefore not make in years any appreciable change in the practical status of the schools, but will enable those objecting to enforced religious teachings to have their sentiment respected. The use of public funds for denominational instruction is without doubt one of the most vicious forms of intellectual slavery to which any people may be forced to submit.

Yet this very slavery is openly advocated for America today by Cardinal Gibbons, of the Roman Catholic Church, who desires the public schools to be wholly denominational and supported by the government. Small wonder, then, that Mr. Roosevelt's characterization as "bigotry" the refusal of anyone to vote for a Roman Catholic for the presidency has met with profound disapproval. Nowhere did he strike a "popular note" and protests have been dignified, but severe. In the selection of his creed, the citizen has been given unhampered choice, but in the restriction of those eligible to the high office of Chief Executive, the people will continue to consider the preservation of their

institutions of paramount importance. To democracy everywhere, and in all the ages, the Roman Church, as an organization, has been the consistent foe. Centralization of authority in the hands of puppet monarchs under its control is its undeviating aim. No man who can submit himself to the domination of a priesthood, and all that it means, could be a safe president of a free republic.

In candidacy for any office, a man must expect the opposition to make capital even out of his religious affiliations, and it is true a few silly Protestant preachers tried to do this in the case of Mr. Taft, a Unitarian, but that the general mass of people gave his faith any adverse thought is ridiculous. The Protestant vote divides along political lines just as do those voters of no creed at all.

The Postal Deficit and Express Company Surplus

After a 200 per cent stock dividend declared by one express company shortly ago and a surplus of some \$30,000,000 in another, the announcement of a 90 per cent increase in certain express rates will be hailed with much joy. There seems to be a cheerful disposition on the part of these corporations to treat the public to the Roosevelt-Straus remedy for all monopolistic evil—publicity. At least, they are candid and without blush over their unconscionable extortions so, obviously, the admission that they have oppressed the public by unjust rates, and intend still greater encroachments, ought to be sufficient to quell the evil at once. Publicity, forsooth! So long as no actual infraction of any law is involved, why may not a monopoly increase its schedules to “all the traffic will bear?”

The only good publicity in this instance may do is to stimulate a dilatory and debilitated Congress to pass the Parcel Post enactment recommended by Roosevelt and urged by Postmaster-General Meyer. Since the express companies can annually “cut a melon” of enormous dividends; and since the postal deficit for the fiscal year has reached the sum of \$16,910,000 it becomes probable that the long despised and antagonized parcels post will loom up as perhaps the most practicable means of helping the government out of the ditch.

How very curious it is that all the “wild ideas” of the Pops come, one by one, to be recognized as instances of wonderful foresight. If the parcels post is going to be a good thing for the government, and an invaluable thing for the common people in the future, it is pertinent to ponder on how much ahead the department might be at the present date, if the system had been adopted years ago. Instead of a deficit, there might have been a neat balance, or a possible surplus, for Mr. Meyer to offer as a result of the operations of the last fiscal year. Of course, the franking privilege has been grossly misused for the circulation of partisan literature favorable to the administration which got the spoils of office; and the railroads clean up their pile on the job of hauling the mails, but all these things but go to show that the postal department, instead of being an argument against the government taking over public utilities, is the strongest kind of an argument in favor of so doing. If the government owned the railroads, one avenue of dead loss would be closed; and likewise the elimination of railroad rings from control of the administration would remove the incentive to flood the mail with literature in the interests of such corporations and other monopolies.



THE BELLS

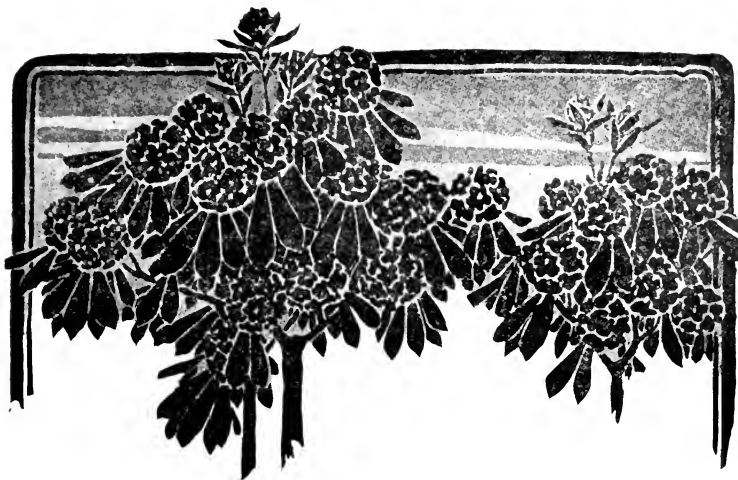
THE OLD YEAR BELLS.

Through the darkness, stealing, stealing,
Comes their cadence, soft and low,
While their music, pealing, pealing,
Falls in sadness on the snow ;
Bid thee think of tasks neglected,
Tell thee of the work undone,
Of the hopes that have been shattered,
E'er the year its course had run.
Hear the bells! their voices saying:—
“Of thy hopes keep but the best
With the falling of our voices,
Sinks the Old Year to its rest.”

THE NEW YEAR BELLS.

Through the darkness ringing, ringing,
Come their voices bright and glad—
With their music bringing, bringing,
Thoughts that bid us ne'er be sad—
Bid us turn from thoughts of sadness,
For our dead hopes cease to sorrow ;
Tell us of the dawn of gladness,
Hopes that brighten on the morrow.
Hear the bells! their voices saying:—
“Now the Old Year's sunk to rest
With the pealing of our voices
Dawns the New Year,—that is best.”

Zarion E. Weigle.



The Pipe of Zaidee

BY FRANK E. ANDERSON

"Mr. Lomax, seek your evening's pleasure with me—"

At this unexpected sentence in English, addressed to him by name in Constantinople. Page Lomax wheeled sharply from the railing over which he had been watching the shadows of silver minarets dissolve like Cleopatra's pearl in the Golden Horn, now amber as Rhine wine beneath the dying sun. By his elbow stood a Turk, whose snowy turban capped bold features from which only one eye glittered. A sabre scar, which ran across the man's cheek until it lost itself in his flowing beard, accounted for the absence of the other. The fellow was of middle stature, but powerfully made. A loose caftan hanging from his broad shoulders framed within its folds of vermil-

ion the white linen swathing his chest and the orange sash—whence the arabesqued head of a stiletto scolded at its neighbor, a Mussulman rosary of russet beads—and the green trousers of zouave cut stretching to his saffron half-boots. He extended a card, on which Page Lomax read:

THE BRISTOL

Boulevard des Petit Champs,
PERA.

Hosein Aga, Chief Dragoman.

"My hotel!" Mr. Lomax commented. "I reckon you're all right."

So Mohammedan and Christian strode off together across the Sultana Bridge, of which the uneven timbers were creaking with each undulation of its ever-plashing pon-

toons. Except themselves, no living thing was on it other than gaunt dogs, which flashed snarling tusks at them as they groped through the gathering twilight. Near the shore Hosein whistled. Forthwith his negro bond-servant, Nakir, met them and bore a torch before them to the Theatre Osmaniye, where actresses from Paris were already in their final pirouettes. An infinite sadness possessed Page Lomax, as he beheld these daughters of Europe dancing before the sons of Asia, but his dragoman muttered:

"I brought you not hither to witness the antics of those painted harlots. My slave, Zaidee, will follow them."

While Hosein was speaking, Nakir set on the stage a wicker basket, whence a brown and yellow cobra de capello wriggled forth. Hissing with wrath, it sat up on its tail and spread its hood, embroidered with the spectacles of Buddha. On its slender girth each false scale was gleaming, as the creature coiled and, opening its savage mouth, bared those bent fangs of which a mere scratch bestows that rest where no dreams lift the tent-flap. Then Zaidee appeared. Timing her pace to the weird tune throbbing from the reed between her lips, she neared the viper, which launched itself viciously at her. But an invisible force halted the snake. Falling in with the rhythm of her flute, it wavered to and fro—a flame flickering in the wind—until the damsel stilled her strains, when it lay quiet, so tamed that she wound it as a girdle round her waist.

"Her term of hire expires to-night," quoth Hosein, "And I am about conveying her to my villa. Would you spend some time in the home of a Turk? Nakir, saddle Al Borak for Mr. Lomax."

Enveloped in a cloak but with no veiling yashmak, Zaidee was on her palfry when they joined her. As Hosein turned to his own stirrup, the girl shook her raven tresses at the newcomer and pointed at the gate, with a gesture, which said: "Leave us!" He might have done so, had he not intercepted the look which Nakir was bending on the maiden, as, with a devilish grin, which distorted his sooty visage, he tapped the whip at his belt. That was enough for Page Lomax. With generous folly, he bestrode his horse for the adventure. On their arrival at the house, Zaidee disappeared behind that ebony door, through which no male other than Hosein might pass even in his thoughts. Again the bold young man was foolhardy, for he gazed after her as one in a dream, from which, however, he was roused by Nakir, who was striding toward him with an executioner's bow-string in his hand. But here Hosein interposed.

"Put up your cord," said he. "Mr. Lomax meant no offense. He is unfamiliar with our Eastern etiquette, that's all. The Ethiop," he continued, this time speaking to his guest, "shall guide you to your bed."

The young man had fallen into a fitful doze, when he heard the pipe of Zaidee, followed by the rattle of small pebbles against his casement. An instant later, Nakir growled out hoarse words, which the listener could not understand. But the sound of heavy blows, under which Zaidee's voice leapt into shrieks, then fell to sobs, needed no knowledge of a foreign tongue to be understood. Page Lomax rushed to the window. Jerking it open, he leaned out, but he could discern no one and the unbroken stillness seemed deathly to his overwrought nerves.

To his great relief, Hosein's maid floated in before them at breakfast the next morning. She came to dance, while they ate, as the raiment which she wore showed but too plainly to even the inexperienced eye of the American. From beneath a veil of fleecy gauze, which floated back freely instead of hiding her face (as is the custom with Moslem women), her loose locks rolled their midnight over her shoulders. Her bell-shaped sleeves had wrinkled back from bare uplifted arms, on which silver chains were throbbing in unison with the rising and falling of her white bust, caught in the snare of the ample V in her tight scarlet jacket. Below that, a third of her supple figure's living satin blushed in full sight above the dark-green band, which clasped in place her divided skirt of pearly transparent stuff shimmering down thence to her naked round ankles. For a brief space the girl drooped her head and Page Lomax saw red shame feeding on her white cheek, while up from the dark depths of her mysterious eyes bitter tears were welling. But now hidden music swelled into a loud insistent fugue. With a faint sigh, almost a sob, Zaidee drifted forward as slowly and as softly as a summer cloud thro' picture after picture of that old, old pantomime of the Orient, which illustrates the one text, true in every creed, "Male and female created He them." With all his heart uncovered in his gaze, the young man hung on her every motion until, with a brusque finale, she snapped in twain the thread of wedded harmony and movement with the whirling gesture of one hand pointed toward the threshold. Her agonized glance searched his very brain. Her writhing lips syllabled the word, "Depart!" Then she vanished.

To Hosein, this posturing to music was nothing new. With a strange and baffling smile, he had been scrutinizing Page Lomax, instead of Zaidee. Now he leaned toward him.

"Were I to judge you by your looks," quoth he, "I would swear that my Persian hussy has cast a spell upon you. Well, you shall hear her story. Seven years ago we had a Holy War. I chanced to be at Khorsabad, while our Circassian troops were there, uprooting from the garden of the faith those weeds, the Yezidees. As I was nearing a cabin, out strode one of our men. He was a strapping fellow, with big black whiskers, and so tall that he had knocked awry his bearskin shako as he forgot to stoop in coming forth. One hand held his sword, smoking with blood. The other gripped Zaidee. Flinging her in front of me, he roared: 'Will you buy? She's yours for thirty liras. But I warn you—she's the serpent-tamer's daughter.' Before I could answer, she was clinging to my knees, screaming: 'Oh! save me, save me from that dreadful butcher!' Well—I brought her home; but she's but an ingrate. These seven seasons have I labored to convert her to God and His Prophet Mohammed, but I can not wean her from the faith of Zoroaster. So this week I shall sell her at public auction, if I am bid a thousand mejedieh for her. She's worth that, if she's worth a piastre."

The last word had hardly left Hosein's lip ere Page Lomax had whipped forth from his pocket his fountain-pen and traveler's circular cheque-book and was writing rapidly. Through eyes narrowed to a contemptuous slit, the Turk watched his companion in silence, until the latter had laid the writing on

his lap, when he said: "What's this for?"

"The girl," replied Page Lomax. "That's the price you named. The Stamboul Branch of the Credit Lyonnaise will pay it to you in gold, when you present this to it."

"Your swift Western way of trafficking is indeed bewildering to a slow Turk," rejoined Hosein, in honeyed tones, which barely hid a bitter sneer. "We would have smoked our narghiles and drank coffee and chattered for a week, while as for you—you fire a cheque at one, hair-trigger fashion. Nakir." Here he turned to the sullen African, "Get that cashed. The jade goes with the American hence. But, ere you leave, Mr. Lomax. I must show you the most beautiful scene on earth, so they say—Constantinople from a distance. And my own poor fields have somewhat of charm, too, about them, I believe. Let me guide you through them. You shall witness things, which—being strange—perchance may thrill you as familiar sights can not. Nay, Nakir, there is no haste about the cheque. Tomorrow will do. Get you now to the harem and prepare Zaidee for her departure. Come, Mr. Lomax, we'll fare forth."

At a pavilion, which was perched on the wrinkled lip of an abyss—a sheer thousand feet in depth—the Turk paused and, with sweeping gesture, brought to the notice of Page Lomax's eye a range of lofty mountains, which kissed the horizon at their left.

"There!" he exclaimed. "Are not those sublime? But they are deadly, too; for in them lurk huge spiders, as big as tigers and twice as fierce. You smile, as if in doubt. I do not blame you. It is hard to believe. But they are there. I am no zoologist, so I can not explain it,

but I have been told that spiders came ages ahead of man on this earth, as their fossils are found in rock of the primary epoch, while we appear first with the quaternary. If this be so, perhaps these ogres are survivals of gigantic prehistoric spider forebears. But I don't pretend to know anything about it, except that they are there. No hunter has ever tamed them; but I have caught and caged one. You shall see it, before you leave. Look now to the right."

Afar off, yet perfectly plain in every line, thanks to the limpid clearness of the air, lying in the arms of emerald meadows with her head pillowed on undulating hills crowned with cypresses as brunette as the Queen of Sheba, lay Constantinople, many-colored yet shimmering iridescently under the sapphire tent of heaven, while the Golden Horn poured the waters of the East at her pearly feet. So noble was the sight that Page Lomax's gaze lingered long upon it ere, following the sky-line, it rested at last on a frowning stronghold, whence a road wound down to a wharf at which a skiff was moored. So grim and threatening was this heap of stone that the young man asked Hosein:

"What is that old keep?"

"That," replied his host, "I have named the Tower of Vengeance. During the late Muscovite war, my brother, Selim, held it as an outpost. But the boy's soldiers were too few, our supporting column too far away. At dawn one day, the Russians hurled a regiment against it, stormed it, butchered its garrison, fired it. I was too late to save the boy, but I headed the cavalry, which cut off retreat for his murderers. As I charged in, their Colonel quenched this eye for me, but in ten minutes he and all his fol-

lowers were dead. Selim is buried there. Thither I repair each afternoon to lament and feed his grave."

"To feed his grave?" echoed Page Lomax, inquiringly.

"Yes. In each believer's tomb is bored a hole, through which he can hearken to the weeping of those who love him, and can receive food from them. The hour for my observance of that rite is nigh. Can you respect it? If so, you may accompany me thither."

As the two paused before the door of the keep, Page Lomax glanced through the lattice across the vault to the wall on the other side. Through this, a postern gate opened, close to which he saw a prism-shaped mound, ending at head and foot in two marble posts on which—each opposing the other—the angels, Nekir and Munkir, will sit, as they debate whether the soul of Selim shall arise to heaven or descend to hell. Roses decked the hillock. In an orifice at its head, a yellow apple and a purple fig awaited the dead man's appetite. But why was this grave fenced in with stout steel bars, set close together; and why was it screened overhead with them? Before the Christian had time to consider this problem till he might solve it, Hosein threw back the outside bar, which held the door to, and, whirling it round on its well-oiled hinges, exclaimed:

"To you, my guest, I yield first place. Enter!"

But when Page Lomax was crossing the sill, he felt himself gripped in a grasp of iron. His feet were knocked from under him with a swift and dexterous trip, and he fell heavily to the floor. Ere he could stagger up, dazed as he was, clang went the portal. He was a prisoner, with Hosein glaring at him through the grating.

"Pray to your Nazarene now and see if he can help you," chuckled his jailer. "Not even Mohammed himself could help you now. I vowed to sacrifice a hecatomb of unbelievers to my brother. Ninety and nine have already tapped at his tomb. You will make the hundredth victim."

The young man was a sinewy six-footer, robust and brave; but the boding indefiniteness of this threat so overwhelmed him that his fair hair bristled up and his blue eyes dilated to black, then faded to gray. He circled the dungeon, frantically seeking an exit, which yet he knew he would not find. Cursing himself for all sorts of a fool, because he had not taken his pistol with him, when he left the hotel, he ran to a corner, where something, which looked like a heaped-up pile of slender white sticks, was faintly gleaming beneath the dim light coming from above. But, when he saw that they were not sticks but bones, he staggered back, almost screaming, and made for the door, which he reached just in time to be knocked down by a body, which Hosein and Nakir were pitching in. It was Zaidée. Springing up, she wailed forth:

"Oh! why did you not heed my warnings? Did I not sign to you to depart in the courtyard, and again under your window and still once more, as I was dancing? Now we are lost, both of us. Look up there!"

Far above, an octagon of lustrous wof and warp was oscillating slowly. In it, something vast and dark was cradled.

"My God! It's Hosein's spider!" gasped the young man.

And now across her web the tigress of the air shot her curved and toothed claws and buff-colored grappling-hooks and dull-red jaws and six of her eight powerful

black legs, covered with down and spotted with stiff tufts. Up-rearing her round head and thorax and baring thus the rich and flexible dark-green fur, as soft as velvet, which clothed her abdomen, she bent at her wasp-like waist and, balancing on the verge, fastened her eight eyes—great immovable trance-producing lenses of terrible crystal—with a gloating stare, full on Hosein's captives, huddled together there below her. And now she swung out. Swaying just beneath her hammock, she whetted one of her scythes against the other. But, as with horror-stricken gaze, fixed on this monstrous thing, he and she waited for that to come from which there was no escape, a sudden inspiration possessed the damsel.

"Steal along the wall," she cried to Page Lomax, "And leap from behind her upon her back at the same instant when I spring thither from in front."

"But—"

"No buts about it, Fool! Do you want to be eaten alive? Go!"

As he obeyed, the maid plucked from her bodice the pipe of charm and began breathing from it the melody with which she had quelled the wrath of the cobra de capello. At its first tremulous notes, the grim executioner of the ninety and nine hesitated—stopped reeling out her cord—no longer was opening and closing her grappling-hooks—sheathed her dulled jaws. One awful minute she hovered near, wriggling her eight great curving legs. Then, half asleep under the spell of those drowsily sweet sounds, she lowered herself to earth and spread herself out for slumber. Without ceasing to play, Zaidee inched forward. Close enough now, she sprang upon the immense spider. That

same instant, Page Lomax was by her side.

"Lie down!" she screamed, suiting her own action to her advice to him. "Press your toes against the ridge of horn, back of her head! Seize that other, yonder, stretching across, just this side her spinneret, and hold on—do you hear?—hold on with all your might? She's going to rise and she'll toss us off, if she can!"

Even now the great creature was hauling in her cable. Up she darted violently. Whirling round and round, she threshed the air furiously with her legs. Finding out that she could not thus throw off her burden, she reared herself aloft into her web. With frenzied rage, she gripped the edges of her house and shook it with all her immense strength, until it shot back and forth with dizzying speed, at times almost perpendicular to its axis. But, with the desperate power of despair, her riders clung to her, until, tiring from her fruitless efforts to dislodge them, the spider became quiet. Gradually the silken orb slackened from its semi-vertical position to its normal horizontal. Its whirring lapsed into silence, as it slowly became still. Except for a horrible quivering, which was going on under the translucent shell of horn on which the two were lying, the huge spinner was at last crouching motionless. They sat up cautiously and looked around them. No roof hemmed them in. But, in order to keep his monster from fleeing to her native hills, Hosein had inserted one beam running from East to West, with three others above it contrariwise from North to South.

"Play again, Zaidee," said the young man. "It's *my* time now to work."

As the girl's lulling music once more soothed the spider, he set about digging out with his pocket-knife that part of the nearest upper rafter, which had rotted at the wall. Soon he could slide this end out. Tugging the beam across the main girder, he heaved the extricated timber athwart the coping of the tower, whence, plunging down, it smote Hosein to the earth, at the same time striking Nakir, too, and felling him also. A screech of anguish burst from the Turk. Unable to rise unaided, he seized the honeysuckle, which was clambering aloft on the masonry, and dragged himself up, only to drop again with a frightful groan, as his back was broken. Two of the eunuch's ribs had been fractured, too, but, as his master groaned that awful groan, he hastened to him and, lifting his head, wiped the bloody froth from Hosein's lips. The Turk's eyes, of which nothing except the whites had been showing, now rolled down and fixed their failing glance on the faithful slave.

"Bury me by Selim's side, Nakir," he whispered, "And—and don't let the Giaour and his jade escape."

His eyes rolled back again—he shivered—there was a deep sigh—then the jaw fell.

"Something's hurt down there," cried Page Lomax exultingly. "I only hope it's Hosein or his nigger. As wishes cost nothing, I wish it were both. Here goes for beam number two!"

In a crevice in the wall, just over the end of the second rafter of the upper three, the wind had lodged a seed one day and from it a sturdy little pine had sprung up. Hunting for food, it had thrust down the hungry fibres of its roots to feed upon the mortar. It had been nodding good cheer to the young

man, as the breezes played leap-frog with it, and he hated to hurt it, but he had to. Grasping it, he wrenched it from its lodging-house. Its roots could not bear to bid adieu to being. They clung so closely to the rough ashler round which they had twined that the stone was twisted out with them and crashed to the tiles below, leaving the second beam free at this end, so that Page Lomax could send it after the first one.

The third rafter of the upper three was fat with turpentine. Scratching a match, the young man held it under the oiliest streak, until a feeble blaze stole up. Waxing lustier, it parted with sparkling fingers its blue veil of smoke that it might the better gnaw through the bar on which it was at work. When the beam had nearly burned in two, Page Lomax shoved it upward. It broke. In a twinkling, it had gone outside to join the others.

"Now, Zaidée," he cried, as he cast himself face downward on the great spider's back, "Throw yourself here beside me. Rest your toes against that same little ledge back of her head. Grip the other as you did before. She'll bounce over that wall, in the next ten seconds. When she hits the ground and settles down on her hind-legs, jump, jump for your life, and run for the boat with me."

Mad with the exhilaration of approaching liberty, the huge creature dived out over her prison wall, alighting noiselessly and without a jar. Giving no heed to Page Lomax and Zaidée, as they fled, she raced like the wind along her shortest line of approach toward Nakir. He was too far from Hosein's home ever to reach it, with her in pursuit. She was between him and the summer-house. The tower alone remained. Rushing to it, he threw the bar, tore

the door open and, plunging headlong through it, whirled it to. It had no fastenings on the inner side. As it swung outward, he must keep it closed in some way or be devoured. Flinging himself down, he dug his nails between its stout oak transverse and its upright panels and bore on with all his weight. The spider tapped once or twice on the door. It still remaining closed, she squatted down before it. After a few seconds, during which she seemed to be studying, her terrible eyes dwelt at last on the crack between the door and the doorstep. In a trice, she reached her claws through and sank them

into the door on the inner side. In spite of Nakir's frantic struggling, she fetched it round. With her fierce grappling-hooks, she pounced upon him. Bellowing with mingled fear and pain, he struck at her with his dagger, but she fell back on her haunches, haling him to her. Her grappling-hooks raised him close to her red jaws. A sudden flash of savage color—and the blades of those jaws sprang apart—another—as they snapped together—a blood-curdling scream—a sickening gush of blood—then silence. Hosein's spider had sacrificed her hundredth man.





EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

Gail, Texas, July 15th, 1908.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed find \$1.00 for which send to my address both publications Weekly and Monthly for six months, after which I think I can send you some subscribers. It was an oversight in not sending it in before now. In a little discussion some time back some one spoke of there being no private titles to land in England, and several asked me to write and ask you in regard to the matter.

I saw enough in your last Magazine to convince me, but would like to have you write a piece on the subject.

Yours respectfully,

THOMAS O. EDWARDS.

(Answer.)

The system of Land Ownership in this country was derived from England. Excepting crown lands, all real estate in Great Britain is held by private titles. Even entailed estates may be bought and sold but the procedure is cumbersome and costly. Stating the case broadly, no poor man can buy land in England, without the aid of the Government.

In Ireland the huge estates of the nobles are being purchased by the Government and parcelled out among the people, who buy the land from the Government, on long time with low interest.

Loganville, Ga., Nov. 9, 1908.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson,

Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:

Please answer the following questions in the Jeffersonian or Magazine or both: Has the Democratic party, at any one time since the Civil War,

been in full control of the National Government? If so please give proof, not that I wouldn't believe you in every particular, but I want to prove it to some "hot headed democrats" who don't want to believe you; also please give the time in which they were in control.

Hoping for an immediate reply, I am,

Yours for the cause,

W. G. STANLEY.

Answer:—In 1892, Cleveland was elected President as a Democrat, and the Democrats had a majority both in the Senate and in the House during Cleveland's term of four years, 1892 to 1896.

The official records prove this, and no truthful Democrat who is posted will dispute the fact. Suppose you refer the skeptics to Senators A. O. Bacon and A. S. Clay.—T. E. W.

QUESTION: Why is it that the whole world presents the same general picture of unrest, hard times, business depression, and unemployed labor?

Answer: The Kings of High Finance have chained the whole world with the gold standard, the effect of which is to contract the currency. A contraction of the currency is invariably followed by the same results, to wit—the ruin of the debtor class, the curtailment of business, the suspension of work, and the creation of an army of the unemployed.

For three thousand years prior to the discovery of gold in California (1856) both gold and silver had been in use, over the world, as money metals. Now, however, gold alone is

the standard of value, and the money of final payment.

QUESTION: Why were gold and silver selected as the money metals?

Answer: BECAUSE THEY ARE SCARCE. By confining money to these two precious metals, it was believed by the financiers that the volume of real money would never get so large that they could not control it. The limitation of money to these two scarce metals was a practical limitation to the supply.

So matters stood throughout the world until the discovery of such vast quantities of gold in California frightened the financiers. They feared that so much gold would be added to the currency of the world that prices would go down, bonds would decrease in value, and that they, the financiers, would be unable to control the supply of real money.

Consequently, they hired able writers, like Chevalier and MacLarren, TO WRITE AGAINST GOLD, in the same way that THE MONEY KINGS HIRED DAVID A. WELLS AND EDWARD ATKINSON TO WRITE AGAINST SILVER, more than a century later.

Germany and Austria excluded gold from their mints (1857) and Belgium and Holland adopted the single silver standard.

QUESTION: What checked the demonetization of gold?

The discovery of the rich silver mines in Nevada, Colorado and other Western States. The financiers saw that there would soon be more silver than gold, and they went to work to have the scarcer metal made the standard of value, and the money of final payment.

QUESTION: What nation led the others in the demonetization of silver?

Answer: Great Britain. She is the nation to whom the people of all other countries owe most. In other words, the whole world is in debt to Great Britain.

To make this debt harder to pay, Great Britain led the other nations in

the world-wide war against Bimetallism, which means the use of both gold and silver on equal terms.

QUESTION: What is meant by "making the debt harder to pay?"

A debt, contracted when the volume of currency is expanded by the use of both gold and silver as monetary metals on equal terms, becomes harder to pay when the currency is contracted to the use of but one of these metals. A bond, for instance, issued by the Government when the currency is expanded by the use of gold, silver and Greenbacks, is enormously more valuable after the Government has destroyed a thousand million dollars of the Greenbacks and has demonetized silver. Having to be paid THEN in gold, the bondholder gets money very much more valuable than the money he invested in the bond.

Now Great Britain wanted the nations of the earth to pay the debts they owed her in money that was more valuable than the money she loaned. Hence, her war upon Bimetallism.

QUESTION: But why did other nations help Great Britain demonetize silver and establish the single gold standard?

Answer: Because these other nations were controlled by their High Finance rascals, who wanted to enhance the value of the claims which they held against their own Governments and peoples.

In each of these other nations, were bondholders and money changers who wanted to make money scarce, so that they could control it, and so that the money paid them to satisfy their claims against the Government and the people would be more valuable than that which they had loaned.

QUESTION: Is there any reason why the amount of metal in a dollar should be worth a dollar?

None. Money is a man-made product, like a cart-wheel. Nature does not produce dollars nor cart-wheels. Nature supplies the raw materials, but man is the manufacturer who

turns these raw materials into dollars and cart wheels.

Dollars are made for the purpose of effecting the exchange of one product for another. It is a **tool** of exchange.

It enables Commerce to get along without the bartering of one commodity for another. In old times, a man who did not have a horse but wanted one, would get one in exchange for cows, of which he had more than he needed. There was inconvenience about this, because the man who had a horse that he was willing to swap for cows might not be easy to find. To get away from the cumbersome, unsatisfactory system of Barter, men agreed on something that should represent value in exchange. The sub-

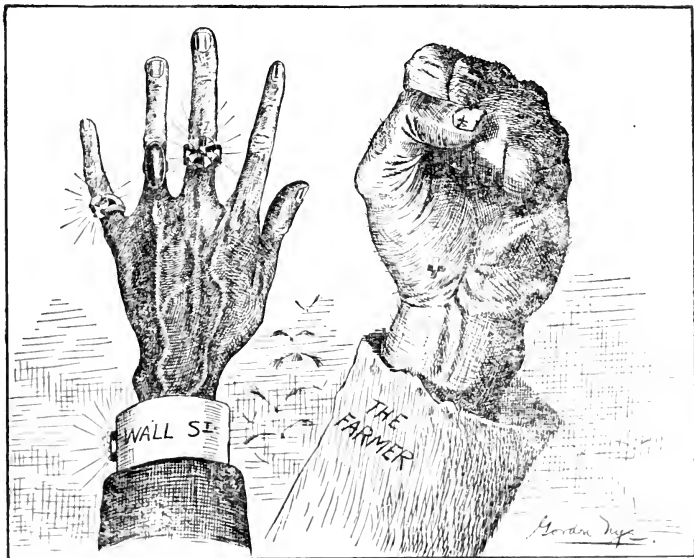
stance agreed on, no matter what it was, became money.

Therefore, money was made by man for the special purpose of carrying on Commerce, just as wheels are made to carry on carts, wagons, carriages and railroad cars.

There is no more sense in claiming that the dollar—which is the **wheel of Commerce**—should be made out of a material of any particular value than there would be in claiming that a car wheel shall bear a certain proportion of value to the freight which is transported in the car.

The dollar is a **tool**, in the same sense that a hoe is a tool. With one hoe, you may cultivate cotton worth fifty dollars; but that is no reason why the hoe should cost you fifty dollars.

TWO HANDS



One Controls the Wealth; The Other Produces It

Money Is King

BY WALTER EDEN

The mighty King is an exacting Tyrant. All things are dominated by money. It shapes the destinies of Nations. It rules trade and gives life or death to all enterprise, as it sees fit. In the hands of unscrupulous men it is the greatest known power for evil. Properly curbed and free from the manipulation of designing hands it may be made the greatest known power for good.

The American people seek by law to control the trusts. They legislate to regulate Inter-state commerce and to punish rebating and unlawful restraint of trade. They give us tariff laws and levy Internal revenue taxes, to raise money with which to pay the expenses of government. Our country is quadrennially thrown into a spasm of political excitement to settle these and other great political questions.

Standards of value are discussed, and any standard thus far proclaimed is shown to be unstable, fluctuating, wrongful and hurtful. Much has been made and lost in the past by reason of the fluctuation in the value of the standard of money, be it a single gold standard or a double standard. Government ownership is advocated by some as a panacea for all of our political ills. Currency, it is said, should be more elastic.

Notwithstanding all the discussion and legislation of and concerning all these, and kindred questions, for more than a century, our body politic seems still to be sick,

and like leprosy and the great white plague, no known remedy has been discovered for or applied to the patient.

The wealth of the nation has been, and is now being, concentrated in the hands of a few. Individuals have been, and are now, accumulating such vast fortunes that our President has advocated a course that amounts to confiscation, as the only remedy for the evil.

The money market can be so manipulated by a few men, that they are able, at pleasure, to make or unmake panics; to stagnate business; to appreciate or depreciate the value of stocks and bonds, and to cause untold suffering to the people. Innocent investors are carried from their feet by the maelstrom of speculation in money.

No great enterprise, be it for the public good or not, can be accomplished without first obtaining the consent of a few men who control the money market. A few millions of actual investment in Railroad stock, it has been demonstrated, can be manipulated so as to control stacks of railroads amounting to over a billion dollars; when the maturing crop of the farmer is ready for the market, the volume of currency in circulation is not great enough to move the crop to market, and the men in power reap large profits out of the money furnished for this purpose. A panic follows and the farmer is made to suffer and either hold his grain or sell it on a declining market.

The control of this greatest of all powers on earth should be taken from the hands of the few and deposited where it belongs, viz., into the hands of the Government. When this shall have been done all the ills which flow from this source will be healed.

It has been well said by the immortal Lincoln that this is a government of the people, by the people and for the people; and yet, we find that the place where there is the most need of governing the people for the greatest benefit of the whole people has been neglected.

Money is the controlling factor of all human agencies. Regulate it, and a proper regulation of most great evils will naturally follow.

Money is controlled by the banker, not because he owns all the money which he controls; but because the masses of the people deposit their money with him and thus he gains power over not only the little capital which he invests in the stock of the bank, but over the very large volume of deposits which his many customers leave with him.

The great power of the banker is a power placed in his hands by the people. The money which really gives him power is not his own, but belongs to the depositor.

If this great power were given by the people to our Government, it would be more impartially exerted, because the Government is the people. The people would thus be protected from loss of deposits by failing banks, absconding bankers and rascally bank officials. Combinations of the people's money in the hands of a few men, to benefit the few men at the expense of the people would cease.

When a condition exists that is a menace to the people, a condition that is being taken advantage of by

certain individuals to the detriment of the great mass of people, it is the right and the duty of the Government to enact such laws as will eradicate the nuisance if it can be done.

A banking scheme can be devised that will accomplish this beneficent purpose. Under it an elastic currency can be established, a non fluctuating standard can be provided for, the tax gatherer can be made to disappear, panics cease, depositors will be protected and unlawful combinations in restraint of trade be a thing of the past.

Put the Government into the banking business and the thing will be accomplished.

It may be charged that the scheme is too radical. It may seem so, but nothing is too radical that is right. It will be a very great change from the present system, and will be opposed by all the force and power of organized wealth,

It may be charged that it is not authorized by the constitution. If it is right, change the constitution. It won't be the first time it has been changed. At one time the negro was a slave with no more rights under our constitution than an animal. Today, by reason of a change in our constitution, he has all the rights of citizenship and stands on an equality before the law with his white brother.

Let the General Government, the State, the County and the municipality get together and go into the banking business. Does it not look too vast to be comprehended? Think about it a while, Mr. American Citizen. Don't brush aside the idea without consideration, but if you are not interested in opposing the plan, and will give the matter a little thought, you will see the advantages of the proposed system,

Thomas W. Lawson was at one time opposing the present system; he laid bare many of the fraudulent and unlawful outrages perpetrated by it, which the system of Government bankers, if established, will be able to prevent. Take the present system, which he has so ably shown to be noxious, and transfer it from the hands of the individuals into the hands of the Government, and this great power, now exercised by the few, will be placed in the hands of the people, where it justly belongs.

Give the General Government at Washington, under the supervision of the Treasury department of the United States, banking powers. Let it organize a central bank, with power to supervise and control all the lesser banks proposed to be organized by States, Counties, and municipalities. Provide by law for the opening of a bank in each state, under the control of the State, but to be tributary to the Central bank at Washington, each to be known as a United States Bank of Illinois, or the state in which the same is located.

Provide also for tributary banks in each County, to be known as a United States Bank of the County in which the same is situated, with general banking power; it being optional, however, with each state to pass laws to avail itself of the banking privilege or not, as its legislative body may see fit; this option also to extend to each County.

Make a provision that the Central bank at Washington shall receive deposits from County Banks and issue Government bonds for the amount of the deposit; the County Bank then to be empowered to issue notes, similar to the present National Bank Notes, to be used as a circulating currency among the people, to the extent of

its Government bonds, depositing the bonds with the Central bank as a security.

Give the County Bank general banking power, to receive deposits, draw exchange and loan money on real estate, chattel and personal security, under proper regulations.

In Counties where the privilege of engaging in the banking business shall have been availed of, branch banks of the County Bank may be organized in such localities of the County as the County Bank may determine is necessary or expedient, with the same banking powers as the County Bank.

Give to the County Banks and their branches, in addition to the general banking powers, power to execute Trusts, act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian and Conservator.

Give to the County Bank, in addition to its regular issue of bank notes, power to issue, at any time the exigencies of the times may require, other bank notes, to an amount not exceeding a certain per cent of the assessed valuation of all real and personal property of the County, for the year such assessment was last made for taxation, upon payment to the General Government of such per centum on said circulating notes as will insure their prompt recall whenever the emergency which called for their issue shall have passed.

Let the funds deposited with the Central Bank at Washington, by the various Counties, and for which Government Bonds shall issue, be loaned out by such Central Bank, at a reasonable rate of interest, sufficiently high to produce a profit, to enterprises of an interstate character, such as railroads and other large borrowers; and let the same be invested in stocks and bonds of known stability in large amounts;

thus furnishing a fund to be used in large enterprises, and relieving the promoters of such undertakings from being under the control of a few individual money lenders, and at the same time furnishing a source of profitable investment of the people's money.

The various state banks may be simply branches or departments of the Central Bank at Washington.

Such State Banks may receive deposits from the various County Banks of any state as a medium of exchange, and the same may be loaned under the direction of the Central Bank, the same as the proceeds of sale of Government Bonds, but they shall be required to keep constantly on hand a certain per cent thereof, to be fixed by law, to pay exchange.

The profit of the Central Bank shall be paid into the Treasury of the United States to defray the expenses of the Government so far as the same will apply.

The profit of the State Banks, if there be any, shall be paid into the Treasury of the States respectively; and used to pay the current expenses of the State, as far as the same will apply.

The profit of the various County Banks shall, after paying a certain per cent thereof, to be fixed by law, into the Treasury of the State in which such County is situate, be paid to the Treasurer of such County, to defray the expenses of the said County. And any sum so paid by any County into the State Treasury, to be deducted from the taxes levied in said County for State purposes.

State Banks shall be only branches of the Central Bank and shall be a part of the same.

County Banks shall be subject to examination and supervision by the Government of the United states.

These observations may be crude, but certainly they are worthy of consideration. Is the general idea not worthy of attention?

Perhaps much that has been suggested should be eliminated entirely; much probably should be changed; much more perhaps should be added.

Time and trial of the system would bring to mind many good ideas. Consider it and see if a little thought given to the matter won't make it look feasible and open up a much wider field for thought than merely the idea of a people's bank.

What are the possibilities of some such system? Not only what are the possibilities, but if you please, what are the probabilities as to the results that would follow such a system?

It will settle the Trust Question because, it will take the control of money from the men who are interested in the Trusts, and thus enable competition to the Trusts to borrow money with which to go into business in opposition to them.

It would hardly be possible, under present conditions, for a person or syndicate to sell bonds to supply the money with which to go into business in competition with the Standard Oil Company. The men who are in control of the money market would not dare to incur the ill will of such a powerful influence as that which is behind the Standard, by buying bonds of a rival concern. The men who are interested in such gigantic Trusts are the ones who control the money of the Country. So it is with competing lines of railroads. The men who now are in control of the through lines of railroad have too much influence over the money market to permit competing lines to be built.

Give to the Government banking power, with local County Banks, and the currency question will settle itself. The much talked of standard of value will become fixed. The currency will be made as elastic as the exigencies of the times shall demand.

We will have not only gold and silver for a basis but as well all of the broad acres of fertile land, the mines, the grain, the horses, cattle, hogs and sheep, in fact everything that goes upon the assessor's book will stand behind the dollar. For the County and the Government will guarantee it.

It will be elastic because each particular locality will have the power to issue emergency currency to meet the immediate needs of the community. The County with all its property will stand behind it, and surely all of the land and property in the County will furnish a sufficient security to make good a sufficient volume of currency to get the product of farm, or mine or manufactory to the market.

It will furnish a security to the depositor and thus keep the money which should be in circulation from being hoarded; for the man who has a little money will have no fear of depositing it. A banking law recently enacted in Oklahoma has been much praised because the state guarantees the deposits. How much better would be a law which provides that in return for the guarantee of the deposits the State shall take down the profits of the business. Is it right that the State should take all the risk of losses and not share in the profits?

It will settle the much disputed Tariff Question, because the profits arising from the banking business will probably pay all the running expenses of the Government, and leave a balance besides.

If this should prove to be true the Custom house can be abolished and there will be no necessity of levying tribute on imports.

It will settle the question of Internal Revenue taxes, for the Government will need no longer to shock the tender sensibility of the Prohibitionist by levying tribute on the vile Demon to support itself.

It may, eventually, lead to the Government ownership in such a gradual manner that it will not unsettle the business interests of the Country, for as the revenues produced from the profits of the banking business increase in excess of the expenses of Government, the same can be invested in bonds and stocks of the Public Utilities from time to time, until after a number of years they would naturally be absorbed by the Government.

The local tax collector can be discharged and our direct tax on lands and chattels will cease, as the profit to each County will more than pay the expenses of the County, including State taxes.

Examine the published and sworn statement of all the local banks in your County, and figure a reasonable rate of interest on the deposits alone, not including capital stock and other sources of revenue, and you will find a profit per annum of more than sufficient to defray the expenses of your County, including maintenance of schools and roads and bridges.

This scheme may seem visionary at first, and not feasible, but think it over. Don't dismiss the idea without a thought. Surely it is worth some consideration. Perhaps you may get some good idea from it.

Bankers will dismiss the idea, of course, as not being worthy of consideration. Money lenders will op-

pose it. Large capitalists will treat it lightly. To the man, however, who is interested in Government of the people, by the people, for the people, free from any personal advantage, it will surely merit your consideration.

Governments are formed to regulate society and to protect the weak against the strong. That was the prime object of Government. That which vitally affects the public is proper subject of legislation. If a wrong is being perpetrated it should be righted by law. The people have the right to expect this to be done. They have it in their power to regulate this greatest of all necessities, money.

One hears a great deal said about the necessities of life. We talk of raiment to clothe us, houses to shelter us, food to satisfy our hunger and fuel to keep us warm, as the necessities of life, but none of these things can be counted as any more necessary than money, for before we can procure these things we must first have money. It is the first necessity of life. Is it not proper that it should be put under the control of our Government and its control taken out of the hands of the few?

Let all the people control, by means of a proper Government, this first great necessity.

People's banks will protect the depositor and make his deposit secure.

People's banks will relieve the borrower from the money shark and usurer, as a fixed legal rate of interest only will be charged.

Let us have people's banks, and the power of money, which is now given by the millions of depositors in this Country to a few men, will be taken out of the hands of the few and returned to the people through their Government. Wall Street will be transferred to Washington.

Let us have people's banks and the investor will not be crushed to the wall by a panic, as they will be a thing of the past. Investments will be more stable and more secure.

The standard of value will be fixed for all time, tariff laws will need no amending and changing from time to time, and cause restlessness and uneasiness in the public mind, and every man will have an even chance with every other man in his race for a livelihood.

A DWELLER WITH THE PAST.

From cabin crude on lonely height—
Eyes piercing keen the solitude—
She gazes at the scarce-worn pass,
Where shadows ceaseless bend and brood.

A soft caress, a word or two,—
The pleasuring thing danced on its way;
But to her, guileless child, it seemed
That blossoms bright fell from the day.

She sighs, the sputtering wick burns low,
The night wind bends the long hill grass,
And the soul of that fleeting bygone day
Glides noiseless o'er the rock-ribbed pass.

Clippings from Exchanges

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN.

An old Yankee fisherman up in Maine said to his son who was starting out to seek his fortune, "Sonnie, mind what I tell ye, in this here world you've either got to cut bait or fish." Oscar Hammerstein, humorist, father of six children, plunger, man of business, cigar machine inventor, real estate speculator, vaudeville manager, composer, theater builder and impresario, is one of the men who fishes.

He fishes where he pleases, when he pleases, and how he pleases. "He



OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN

wants what he wants when he wants it," and what's more he gets it. When he wants to do a thing he asks Oscar Hammerstein's advice. If Oscar Hammerstein says go ahead he goes ahead.

This man has the faculty of disembodiment. He looks upon himself objectively. He has implicit confidence in Oscar Hammerstein—in his judgment, in his courage, in his indomitable perseverance, in his star. The psychologists talk about the subliminal self. It is some such self

which is Oscar Hammerstein's guide, philosopher, friend, and mentor.

I asked Mr. Hammerstein if he had a Board of Directors. He replied, "Certainly; see that long table there with all those chairs round it? Those chairs are my directors. I sit at the head of that table and vote myself a salary of \$150,000 and my Directors pass it unanimously. I suggest; they approve."

One day about forty-three years ago a rich father Hammerstein in Berlin cruelly beat a young Hammerstein with a skate strap. That young Hammerstein was Oscar, and he decided he had had enough of that sort of thing. Taking his father's violin he escaped from the music room where he was imprisoned. Selling the violin for thirty dollars he bought a steerage passage on a sailing ship bound for America. He says of this incident:

"I landed on these shores covered with vermin and without a cent. After a time I came to a sign which read, 'Cigar Makers Wanted. Paid While You Learn.' So I went in and applied for a job—not because I had any passion for making cigars, but because I didn't want to starve." Within a short time this two-dollar-a-week cigar maker's apprentice had invented a machine for binding cigar fillers which he sold for \$6,000.

His many inventions have revolutionized the entire cigar making industry. He has now a music room and a machine shop. After three in the afternoon he divides his time between composing and inventing. Mr. Hammerstein is a man who makes and loses fortunes. The last time he went under was about ten years ago, when his great three part Olympia Theater failed utterly. He said, "That cleaned me out—lost one million and a half. I realized that after the things were sold at auction I

wouldn't have a dollar. Even to pay the rent for my modest apartment was a problem."

"What did you do?"

"Do! I lit a cigar and took a long walk."

"How did you feel—discouraged?"

"Felt fine! Discouraged, not a bit! I've never in my life felt discouraged or despondent. I'm something of a victim of melancholy, but that has nothing whatever to do with external events. It comes over me when my affairs are prospering most. But I've never been afraid of anybody or anything."

"What I did is too long a story. But mark this! If you have an honest conviction as to the right thing to do you can do it! If you have absolute faith in yourself, other people are bound to have faith in you. No question about it."

Later one of Mr. Hammerstein's assistants told me one thing he did in this emergency. He sold his grand piano and with the proceeds as his capital started the great Victoria vaudeville theater on Long Acre Square. Its out of the way site alone irrevocably condemned it to failure in the opinion of all the theatrical experts except its builder. One of his sons is now running it with immense success.

"I have only one partner," continued Mr. Hammerstein—"my knowledge of human nature. I have the greatest conductor in the world—Campanini. I went to Europe and saw him conduct and decided I must have him. I met him and made him believe in me and he came. He had never heard of Oscar Hammerstein. I didn't show him my bank book. It wouldn't have impressed him if I had. It was the same way with Madame Melba and with all the others. They liked me, they believed in me, and they came with me. They won't sing for a man they don't believe in, no matter how many thousands he may offer them."

"When I started this opera house over here my friends were on the point of engaging a cell for me at Matteawan. Now my opera is a great success. With the exception of Caruso

the Metropolitan singers can't compare with mine. Of course, there's not much money in this business. If money was what I wanted I should sell suspenders or shoe strings.

"No, I never asked or took anybody's advice about anything in my life. Why should I? I know my own affairs better than anybody else can. I have no secretary. I have no book-keeper. Of course I have a treasurer to handle the funds. I haven't even a stenographer."

"Why should I sit here and waste my time dictating letters about matters that don't concern me to people that don't interest me. When a letter really requires an answer I write a few lines in pencil on the letter itself and send it back to the writer. Here's my letter file," pointing to a capacious waste-basket, "and a very good one it makes. I never could understand why people should feel obliged to answer letters. All sorts of people write me about their affairs—not mine! Why should I spend my time writing people about their own affairs? Of course, helping people who deserve it is quite another matter."

"One quality that has always helped me immensely is my faculty—absolutely—to wipe the past from my mind. I look only to the future. I work only for the future. I drag no dead weights after me. But, no man knows why he does things. He can't help expressing what is in him. The genius or talent or aptitude or whatever you call it, that is born in him is bound to come out no matter what his outward circumstances. The people who never discover their bent have none to discover. If you are a reporter and you don't like the way your fountain pen works you make it work better. You invent another pen; and then, before you know it, you find yourself a pen manufacturer."

With twinkling eyes and one of his contagious, boyish laughs Mr. Hammerstein got up from his desk and said, "Now I must excuse myself to attend one of those Directors' meetings I was telling you about."—Lyman Beecher Stowe.

A MAGIC MOMENT.

(By Lillian Whiting.)

I love you, love you! only this
 I have to say;
 All other visions, hopes and dreams
 Must go their way.

Your lightest word outweighs for me
 The universe beside;
 My thought responds to all your own
 As ocean's tide

Unfailingly leaps up to meet
 The moon's sure call;
 Or as the stars in evening skies
 Must shine for all.

Life is no longer drift and dream,
 But vivified;
 And all its radiance, all its faiths,
 Are multiplied.

Music and magic lay their spell
 Upon the days
 That dawn in rose and wane in gold
 And purple haze.

O wondrous spirit-call that came
 From out the air !
 To make all life forevermore
 Divinely fair.

—Harper's Bazaar.

KEEP POPULIST CHICKS AT HOME.

The editor of the Lawton Weekly Democrat, in commenting on the election said, "Some time ago we borrowed a Rooster from the News-Republican, to use in celebrating the Democratic victory we just knew was going to take place November 3rd. However, about 9 o'clock Tuesday night our Rooster began to feel unwell and we called in medical assistance, sat up with him all night; but shortly before noon on Wednesday he turned over on his back and uttered a feeble good bye. Like many other democrats we realize now the mistake we made in borrowing too much from the Republican party. We are now searching for an egg from which to hatch one of those stout healthy roosters of the pure Jeffersonian Breed."

Such an egg cannot be found in any hen house save the Populist and such a chicken if turned loose in the Democratic flock, like Bryan who was hatched in the Populist hen house, will soon be killed.—Peoples' Voice, Norman, Okla.

HARRIMAN BLOCKED.

For once E. H. Harriman has found himself blocked. The laws of Texas protect investors by prohibiting mergers with large systems, and Texas laws further require that all railroads within her borders shall be owned and operated by local corporations. Every State in the Union could have protected its citizens by such laws and prevented gigantic mergers of Harriman, Hill et al.

The anti-corporation wave that is sweeping over the Lone Star State will not quickly subside and if Harriman thinks that he can re-arrange the laws of Texas to suit his convenience he fails to realize that he must reckon with a people who are not owned by monopoly.

The Espee does not select the Governor of Texas at a dinner in New York a year in advance of the election, neither does it control the Railroad Commission, the Legislature or the Courts of that State. It is one of the chief beneficiaries of the system of centralism that has been fastened upon some of the States, notably California and Nevada.

It is gratifying to know that there is one State strong enough to check the octopus and prevent a combine of the railroad lines within its borders to the injury of the many and the benefit of the few.—The San Bernardino (Cal.) Free Press.

THE HUNTING SEASON.

Today ushers in the season of the sportsman's delight. From now on for the next few weeks the popping of guns will be heard throughout the land, and the wild life of field and wood will spend its days in bewildered trepidation.

Thus man returns to the primal in-

stinct that drove him forth to forage for his daily provender in the era before agriculture and stock yards began to supply his needs in a scientific manner.

It must seem strange to the birds and beasts, this sudden explosion of humanity. Could they reason, what would be their judgment of beings who find pleasure in inflicting pain and death on inoffensive creatures? In their own struggle for existence they have their tragedies, but these are based upon the necessities of nature. Man's invasion of their haunts with snare and gun is too often wanton.

As civilization progresses the hunting passion will disappear. Already we are learning to value the birds for their usefulness as destroyers of harmful insects, and coming to appreciate the beauty and wonder of the life that belongs to the little wild animals in our woods. The camera is superseding the shotgun; intelligent study and understanding are taking the place of senseless destruction. The invention of gun powder was an epoch-making event, but the world will be happier when we have outgrown its use.—Louisville Herald.

WALL STREET PICKS THE GOAT.

Charles W. Morse, found guilty of misapplying the funds of the National Bank of North America and of falsifying the books of the bank, has been sentenced to serve fifteen years in the federal prison at Atlanta. As has been said, this is one way of guaranteeing bank deposits.

But what about those other bankers in New York who have been guilty of precisely the same kind of offenses for which Morse is to be punished? Why is it that the other high financiers whose criminal banking methods were largely responsible for the recent panic that left a trail of ruin throughout the country are permitted to go unpunished?

Is it because the big Wall Street interests wanted to make Morse the goat, just as they have made a special crusade against Heipze?

Can it be that criminal bankers are

not to be punished unless they have the ill luck to be particularly offensive to the New York banking and stock gambling trust?—Buffalo (N. Y.) Republic.

ONWARD!

By Park Benjamin.

Press on! there's no such word as fail;

Press nobly on! the goal is near—
Ascend the mountain! breast the gale!

Look upward, onward—never fear!
Why shouldst thou faint? Heaven
rules above.

Though storm and vapor intervene
The sun shines on, whose name is
love,

Serenely o'er life's shadowed scene.

Press on! If Fortune plays thee
false

Today, tomorrow she'll be true;
Whom now she sinks she now exalts,

Taking old gifts and granting new.
The wisdom of the present hour

Makes up for follies past and gone;
To weakness strength succeeds, and
power

From frailty springs—press on!
press on!

—The Carpenter.

A PIPE DREAM.

The Atlanta Georgian in its Tuesday edition contains an editorial headed "A Misleading Epigram," anent Tom Watson's splendid speech to the Farmers' Union convention in New Orleans.

During the course of Mr. Watson's speech he had occasion to coin the following epigram: "If the farmers are the backbone of the country, we have a complicated case of spinal trouble."

The Georgian goes on to say that the farmer of today is in better shape than ever before. If this statement had been made two, or even one, year ago, it could have been overlooked.

To say that the farmer is in good shape now, or words to that effect, is a great deal more misleading than

the above epigram. The writer lives in one of the very best and most progressive farming sections of the state. He comes in daily contact with the farmer. Taking the conditions that exist here as an example, we find the farmers as a whole in worse shape than they have been in several years. As a consequence of this those who depend on the farmer, as most everybody does in the small towns, are in worse shape than the farmer. The Georgian gives as a reason for the good condition in which the farmer finds himself, that they are diversifying their crops. Our observation that his failure to diversify is the main cause of his helpless condition now. Too much cotton has broken, in a sense, the backbone of the country, and, as Mr. Watson remarks, it is afflicted with a complicated case of spinal trouble.

The Georgian merely has a pipe dream of what should be, and what would be if the farmer would diversify, and arrives at the conclusion that it already exists.—Royston Record.

THE CURSE OF THE NATION.

The banker organizes a national bank having \$100,000 capital, with which he buys \$100,000 of United States bonds, "on which he draws interest in advance and pays no tax." The government engraves, prints, and sends him notes to be used as money, to the face value of the bonds. Nominally these notes cost him \$5.00 a thousand. He lends them out at from six to ten per cent on the thousand, or from sixty to one hundred dollars on the thousand. Then by a system of bank credits, which would be incredible if it were not so capable of proof, he multiplies his loans until he draws interest on NINE times more money than he ever put into his business.

To cap the climax, he gets the Government to surrender its revenue to his keeping, lends out these millions also, . . . DRAWING ANOTHER INTEREST FROM THE TAX PAYERS WHOSE OWN MONEY HE IS LENDING BACK TO THEM.

What a mockery of equal and exact justice! What do you think of your old party representatives' business ability, who issue United States bonds at 2, 3, or 4 per cent and turn around and loan it to the bankers at one-half of one per cent? With their twenty-five per cent reserves loaned to other banks and loaned to the gamblers of Wall street, as well as to the ones operating a gambling hell of the like kind in every large city, sending call money to eighty and more per cent. "And at last the chickens come home to roost, . . . when the bogus dollars come to the doors of the bank clamoring for recognition and redemption, these silk hat thieves get together, refuse to honor their own notes, refuse to pay depositors, decline to cash checks; issue a nasty Clearing House Certificate, compel the business world to accept it as money, and thus MAKE ANOTHER PROFIT OUT OF THE WRITTEN EVIDENCE OF THEIR OWN DISHONESTY." The United States bonds are a first liability of the Government. The National Bank notes are a second liability, and these pawnbrokers of a nation's energy and productiveness propose a third liability based on your deposits and their capital, called for euphony, asset currency (asses'money). This is the way they want to get the elastic currency (rubber money) whereby the exceeding hard work of the banker is to sign his name to thousand dollar bills and get in exchange your hard labor, inventive ability, and its products. They tell you to "work hard, save your money, and put it in the bank." Why should your government tax you for their benefit, when you can do it directly without them? "Is it 'equal and exact justice' to allow six thousand national bankers to turn your credit into a mint for themselves, at your expense? Is there any defense of a system which turns Government credit and cash over to a favored few?" "They say their issue of money is good," but your Government issuing money to you direct is "repudiation and national dishonor." "Money is the life-blood of trade." Will you leave

in the hands of these pawnbrokers the power to cut your business in half, curtail enterprise, reduce the workers' wages, and diminish thereby the markets of the country?

The Peoples' Party position on the

money question is based on the United States Supreme Court's decision in The Legal Tender cases of 1862 and 1863, as well as the Supreme Courts of nineteen Northern States.—Ohio Liberty Bell.

The Lamb In the Rain

How sweet a tune it was to cuddle down to
Under the big star quilt that grandma made,
The rain upon the roof! enough to drown you—
And we made out, you know, we were afraid.

And then you wondered—and the thought would wake you
Wide awake a moment with its pain,
If there could be—and how your heart would ache you—
A little lamb somewhere out in the rain.

And so, when mother came—how mothers love you!
To kiss her good-night kiss, you'd question low
And when she told you—bending there above you—
"All little lambs are in," you knew 'twas so.

How in your very heart of hearts you'd thank her!
For all your little throat just ached to weep;
Then, with a few deep breaths that dragged their anchor,
Your tender heart and you were fast asleep.

Again the rain upon the roof is beating;
O Heart, dear Heart, I hear you where I am;
And all your mother-soul's incessant bleating
For yours—your own unsheltered little lamb!

But look, dear Heart, dear Heart, one bends above you
With more than mother-tenderness to kiss
Your soul into assurance; mother love you?—
Ah, gentler than her gentlest love is this!

Look, to His Heart your little one lies closer
Than even to your own heart hath it been!
Confide it, little mater dolorosa,
And rest; for know "All little lambs are in."



LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

THOS. E. WATSON, AUTHOR OF



RURAL FREE DELIVERY.



POPULISM WILL SWEEP THE COUNTRY.

Greenville, Pa., Nov. 19, 1908.

Hon. Tom Watson,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:

Allow me to congratulate you on the grand fight that you made in Georgia. Would to God that such a fight could be made in every state in the Union. It would, and I believe that it will anyhow, sweep the country within a shorter time than most of us dream of. Down at heart the great mass of the people are Populists and what a people are at heart is bound to reach the head in time.

The sophistry of Mr. Bryan having now been exploded, Populism will again get its old time consideration. Millions of voters were, by Mr. Bryan's boyhood days' stand, led to believe that he was really a Populist, which now stands so plainly refuted that no man ought longer be fooled unless he wants to be.

The suggestion on your part to call a conference would, I believe, prove a good move. As a meeting place, the farther South and West, the better. It would bring you closer to the great mass of voters who know more what Populism means than we do of the East and North.

What little I can do for the cause, I shall most gladly do. Always at your command, allowed my name to be used here in the last election as a candidate for Assembly. Got 138 votes in the county; more than enough that our party will hereafter have a place on the ticket without having to get out a petition.

With best wishes and a God speed

you in the noble work engaged, I am,
Very truly yours,

WILLIAM LOOSER.

GOVERNMENT SHOULD ISSUE ALL MONEY.

Military Home, Dayton, O.
Oct. 20, 1908.

Thomas E. Watson,
Thomson, Ga.

Sir:

You know as well as I do that were it not for England's paper money, Napoleon would not have lost the battle of Waterloo. Would it not be wise, and acceptable to all, to, in your speeches, advocate the issue of Greenbacks exclusively by the Federal Government? Answer, Yes or No.

Respectfully,

CAPT. A. R. TITUS.

(Yes.)

ONLY QUESTION WORTH WHILE.

Denver, Col., Oct. 13, 1908.
Hon. Thomas E. Watson,
Thomson, Ga.

Friend Watson:

I want to compliment you on the splendid work you are doing in your publications. I am glad you give space to the money question, for it is really the only question worth while. With an insufficient money supply no economic system, however good, will succeed. No matter how high an ethical standard we may have or how industrious the people may be, poverty will stalk through the land if we do not have a money volume equal to our money needs. Our money shortage begets interest and the consumer pays all interest in commercial transactions. What is our money

shortage? I place it at not less than fifteen billion. We could use thirteen billion for the one purpose of conserving wealth, and we could certainly use two billion in active circulation. Our bank deposits were more than thirteen billion, and we had less than three billion in circulation. The fact that we can and do use credit to help out the money shortage, does not alter the fact that we should have tangible money to use instead of being forced to use credit, which always carries with it the **interest** charge.

But enough of this. No answer expected, though I do appreciate a letter from you. I know your time is too precious. A man that writes for millions now and millions yet to come can not afford to write to one lone person, and I think you are **writing for the ages**.

Yours with best wishes,
RICHARD WOLFE.

WE ALSO WISH IT.

Luzerne, N. Y., Oct. 24, 1908.
Hon. Thomas E. Watson,
Thomson, Ga.
Dear Sir:

I wish it were possible for you to make sufficient inroads in the South to help build up a great new party which would have some honest convictions as to the people's right to rule themselves, a democracy of vital grip.

Success to you,
GEO. THOMAS.

A FINE LETTER FROM MRS. MARRION TODD.

Springport, Mich., Dec. 16, 1908.
My Dear Mr. Watson:

Anything that appears to have your endorsement is worthy of consideration, and, as the language of Dr. S. Leland, in your last Magazine, in his speech refers to woman in an offensive manner, I inflict this article upon you and consider it only fair that it be placed before the same readers. Dr. Leland refers to woman in the following language:

"They will be anything for love, and

if they can't get that * * * some will rush into the lecture field—join the Salvation Army—form Women's Rights Societies, and do deeds that make the angels weep."

It's not surprising that women join the Salvation Army, since it's an Army that has done more good than all the churches on earth have ever done; but what really puzzles me is how Dr. Leland happened to know that the angels weep because women rush into the lecture field—form Women's Rights Societies, etc. Was he so close to the angels that he could hear the rustle of their wings? There is no known record of angels weeping over woman suffrage societies, etc. The only thing that approaches a record of weeping angels is, that Lucifer, in his tilt with heavenly comrades, might have wept, not because of woman suffrage societies, evidently, but probably because he happened to be kicked over the battlements of Glory. We hope Dr. Leland, who is now dead, found better favor in the beyond than did Lucifer, since he was no doubt as good a man would like to find a place. Mrs. could be.

Dr. Leland informs us that "true women are not public brawlers"—otherwise lecturers. The poor, dear man! Did he think a public lecturer had to be a brawler? The sainted Mary E. Willard was a public lecturer. Imagine her a public brawler! She did more good than and left an influence superior to that of any man in the nation. Her name is found upon the scroll of honor, where many a man would like to find a place. Maud Ballington Booth is a **public speaker**. Let all men uncover their heads at the mention of her name.

Dr. Leland says: "Administrative faculties are not hers."

Without a trial how could he know she was so deficient? Man has demonstrated his ability in that line; God forbid that woman develops the same kind if the opportunity ever occurs.

Public plunder and panics, the murder of babies in workshop and factory, a Congress so corrupt that trusts and

corporations rule the land—such is the administration of man. Dr. Leland says the forum is no place for her silver voice, but the rotten reign of man makes it the most appropriate place, for the cesspool will not cleanse itself. We are informed further that “woman discusses not the course of the planets.” What the discussion of the planets has to do with the right of suffrage is not exactly clear, as I believe there are a few voters who are unqualified to discuss the course of the planets. In case it has a bearing, I would announce that it was a woman who drew the world’s prize in competition with the wisest in this line but a short time ago. The Doctor said:

“She guides no vessels through the night and tempest across the trackless sea.” But she does greater things. She possesses the heart and heroism to jeopardize her life in rescuing the shipwrecked. We have many a Grace Darling, we have many a Florence Nightingale, who have manifested greater bravery and brain than required to guide a vessel. But this latter charge will not hold today.

Finally, as a clincher, the Doctor stated that “the strength of Milton’s poetic vision is far beyond her delicate perception, she would have been affrighted at that fiery sea upon whose flaming billows—

“Satan, with head above the waves
And eyes that sparkling blazed.”

We again find the Doctor an incompetent judge of woman. A wife who has to encounter a drunken husband, time after time, and who lives in terror of her life, is used to blazing eyes and bleared eyes, and all kinds. She would prefer to meet Satan, any time, for there is no record of his being a “drunk.”

Woman asks for the ballot that she may vote this worst of hells out of her life. Yet we find men who respect her so much they would withhold this privilege of defense.

Such chivalry is sick and needs medicine.

(Mrs.) Marion Todd.

A VICTIM OF MILITARY DISCIPLINE.

Dear Mr. Watson:

I am requested to write out the details of the execution of a Confederate soldier at Morton, Mississippi, in July, 1863. I will endeavor to do so to the best of my recollection; and I think that what I shall write will be substantially correct, because the incident is frescoed upon my memory.

During the siege of Vicksburg, General Joseph E. Johnson was placed in command of the Army in Mississippi which was being organized outside to relieve General Pemberton. General W. H. T. Walker commanded a division in said Army. His command consisted of the brigades of Guist, Wilson, McNair, Ector and Gregg. I was on the staff of General Gregg. We were for some time at Yazoo City preparing to move on the rear of General Grant, who was then closely besieging Vicksburg. When we got ready and our large supply train prepared (which we expected to take into Vicksburg), we marched from Yazoo City towards the Big Black Creek and encamped some days at a little hamlet called Vernon, a few miles West of Canton. While in camp there, one day a regiment of cavalry passed along the road, by the side of which the 46th Georgia Regiment was encamped. This regiment was commanded by Colonel Peyton Colquitt, who was afterwards killed at Chickamauga. Some one recognized a man in the cavalry who formerly belonged to the 46th Georgia. The soldier had deserted from the latter regiment whilst it was on the Georgia coast, and joined this regiment of cavalry. He was arrested—charges preferred against him for desertion. He was tried by a court martial which was sitting at Vernon.

The man was convicted, but no publication was then made of the results of the trial, but the findings were regularly forwarded to General Johnson’s headquarters, and then we broke camp and moved down to the Big Black for the purpose of crossing

to attack General Grant. Indeed, we reached the point to cross on the night of July 3rd, and the engineer corps was preparing to throw the pontoons across, when news came that Vicksburg had surrendered. Then we commenced our retrograde movement towards Jackson—passing through Clinton, Mississippi, en route. Sherman was sent in pursuit and we reached Jackson one day ahead of him and went into the works which had been prepared for the defense of Jackson.

Sherman immediately extended his besieging lines with both flanks resting on Pearl River, forming a semi-circle, leaving the Eastern side of the city open for our retreat. I think we remained there one week before retreating. General Johnson found it impossible to keep Sherman from crossing the river and getting in his rear and, therefore, evacuated the works and took up his line of march one night towards Meridian. After we were some distance on the road beyond Brandon, a terrific rain-storm came on, with heavy thunder and lightning. The rain was so heavy and the night so dark the troops scarcely march, encountering here and there wagons and artillery stuck in the mud.

We reached Morton about daylight and went into camp. The sun rose in all its brightness and intensity of July heat. The troops were drying off and preparing their camp for cooking, etc., when this convicted soldier struggled up to the provost guard and said to the Major in command: "Well, Major, I got lost last night but am up as soon as I could find you." The officer turned over to the guard and said: "I am sorry you came up for orders have been issued that you must be shot today at one o'clock p. m.

When General Walker learned of this incident, his sympathies were

aroused and he and Major Cumming mounted their horses and rode to General Johnson's headquarters. General Walker dismounted, recited the facts to his superior officer and interceded for the poor fellow. The only reply was: "General Walker, my orders must be obeyed." The latter saluted and replied, "General, they shall be," and mounted his horse. With tears in his eyes he instructed Major Cumming to have Major Schauff (I do not know that I spell this name correctly) make a detail for the execution and carry it out at 1 o'clock promptly.

He then ordered the division out to witness the execution. The brigade formed three sides of a square in a large old field flanked by second growth of pines; the grave had been dug in the center of it, his coffin resting on the further side from the firing squad. The condemned man asked not to be blindfolded; his hands were tied behind his back, he knelt on his coffin, and in the presence of the whole division, including his old 46th Georgia Regiment and his comrades therein, and was shot to death, placed in his box, or coffin, and was buried right there in that old field.

The saddest part of it was that the testimony showed he had been so good and gallant soldier in his adopted regiment, and he stated the only reason he left the 46th Georgia was that he got tired of inaction down on the coast and wanted to be where he could do some fighting. He also stated that he had a wife and child at home in Georgia.

I wish I knew his name and Company, but I do not. Major Cumming may.

I think these facts are substantially correct, and hope they will be of some service to you.

M. P. CARROLL.





Poem Outlines. By Sidney Lanier.
Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers,
New York.

D'Israeli's "Calamities and Quarrels of Authors" may be ransacked in vain for an example of misfortune, suffering and heroic combat with adversity, more pathetic and more admirable than that of Sidney Lanier.

The literary history of our own country presents many an instance of the neglected genius, struggling with poverty, but none of them appeals to us quite so powerfully as does that of the Georgia poet who wrote the "Hymn to Sunrise"—wrote it when his hand was too weak to lift food to his mouth and when his fever temperature was 104.

Born in Macon, Ga., in 1842, he had hardly graduated, with the first honor, at Oglethorpe College, before the Civil War drew him, a youth of eighteen, into the Macon Volunteers, the first Georgia troops that went to the front.

At the end of the war,—in which he had been in several battles and had spent months in prison—he returned on foot to Georgia.

After a long and desperate illness, he went to Alabama, where he clerked in a store in Montgomery, and then became a school teacher.

He married in 1868 and soon afterwards had the first hemorrhage from the lungs.

Returning to Macon, he studied law and began its practice, with his father.

The lung trouble was a fixture, however, and he went to New York for

treatment. The remainder of his life presents the distressing spectacle of pursuer and pursued—the Disease in chase of the victim. We find him now in Texas, then in Florida, now in Pennsylvania, then in North Carolina,—with his remorseless enemy on his trail, always.

In the occasional improvements in his health, in the temporary respites from the implacable foe, was done the literary work which gives Sidney Lanier his place in the hall of fame. A born musician, he played organ, piano, flute, violin, banjo and guitar, but his preference was the violin and his specialty the flute.

It was his exquisite music on the flute which secured and held for him the leadership of the Peabody Symphony Concerts, in Baltimore. To this city he went to live in 1873, and Baltimore was his home during the few years that were left to him.

There is no record of a braver struggle with poverty and disease than that made by the Georgia poet during these last tragical years.

Fugitive writings for the magazines, lecture courses to private classes, books in prose and books in verse, first-flute in an orchestra, public lectures at the Peabody Institute, and then the final scene in North Carolina where the long, hideous battle comes to its pitiful close. (Aug. 1881.)

It is not probable that Sidney Lanier ever got much money out of his books.

"Tiger Lilies," his novel, made no hit; "The Science of English Verse" could not possibly appeal to many;

and even his volumes of verse had no considerable recognition during the poet's life-time. Indeed, it is doubtful whether Lanier will ever be one of the favorites of all classes, like Burns and Byron, Longfellow and Bret Harte.

It appears to be the literal fact that the Georgia poet was **always** hard up. Poverty and Consumption were **always** dogging his steps. To keep himself and family from want, he **had** to be first-flute in the Concert, **had** to deliver those lectures. No matter how weak he was, no matter how ill and depressed, he **had** to go,—and he **did** go and go and go, until he was so far spent that it may be said that **his last lectures were the death-rattle of a dying man**. It is said that his hearers, to whom his condition was but too evident, listened to these final discourses "in a kind of fascinated terror."

Read this extract from one of his letters to his wife:

"So many great ideas for Art are born to me each day, I am swept away into the land of All-Delight by their strenuous sweet whirlwind; and I find within myself such entire, yet humble, confidence of possessing every single element of power to carry them all out, **save the little paltry sum of money that would suffice to keep us clothed and fed in the meantime.**

"I do not understand this."

(The black type is ours.)

It reminds one of that letter of Edgar Poe, written to Childers of Georgia, requesting a small loan and saying simply, abjectly, "I am so miserably poor and friendless."

His poverty cowed Poe, and caused him to do unmanly things. Poverty did not cow Sidney Lanier, and never in his life did he do an unmanly thing. Much of the time he was not able to have his family with him. Therefore, the battle that was fought by this unfeeling soul was a sick man, a lonely man, a care-worn man, a sensitive man, a very poor man against odds that he knew he could not long resist.

In 1905, Charles Scribner's Sons brought out a complete collection of

the "Poems of Sidney Lanier, edited by his wife." Of those poems we have not space to write.

The present volume is unique and to those who value the brief suggestion which fires a train of thought, it is valuable,—exceedingly so.

Not all of these "Outlines" are properly so called. Many of them are as complete in themselves as are the Cameos of Walter Savage Landor.

Like other Georgia bards—A. R. Watson, Dr. Frank Tickner, Joel Chandler Harris, Frank L. Stanton and Don Marquis,—Sidney Lanier could put so much thought and beauty into four lines as to give one a sense of perfection.

For example,

"And then

A gentle violin mated with the flute,
And both flew off into a wood of harmony,

Two doves of tone."

That is not the "Outline" of a poem; it is a poem, perfect in its way and complete in itself. There was nothing more to be said.

Again,

"Tolerance, like a Harbor, lay
Smooth and shining and secure,
Where ships carrying every flag
Of faith were anchored in peace."

This also,

"Who doubts but Eve had a rose in
her hair
Ere fig leaves fettered her limbs?
So Life wore poetry's perfect rose
Before 'twas clothed with economic
prose."

And,

"How did'st thou win her, Death?
Thou art the only rival that ever
made her cold to me."

And,

"Wan Silence lying, lip on ground,
An outcast Angel from the heaven of
sound,
Prone and desolate
By the shut Gate."

One more selection, and we leave off:

"Look out Death, I am coming,
Art thou not glad? What talks we'll
have.

What mem'ries of old battles.
Come, bring the bowl, Death; I am
thirsty."

This is no "Outline"; it is a complete poem, a **terribly complete poem**. Like the flash in a night of storm, it lights up a world of raging elements and universal gloom.

"Pocahuntas, Maid of Jamestown."

By Anne Sanford Green. The Exponent Press, Culpeper, Va.

In the Introduction, the author says,

"We have expended great pains, and much time and thought, to demonstrate that the whole story of Pocahuntas and John Smith was mainly true, and not mythological, and unfit to be told, as some Virginia historians have been at pains to prove.

"But really, that it was true that Captain John Smith loved the Indian maiden, and that he was the one love of her life."

The author cites the county records of Virginia to substantiate the facts upon which her story rests, and uses extensively the work of Annas Todkill. "My Lady Pocahuntas," published in the seventeenth century.

Out of these materials has been evolved a narrative which is deeply interesting. How the Indian girl saved Captain Smith's life, how she came to love him, how she saved the colony from starvation, how the enemies of Captain Smith finally made his position unbearable and how he sailed away, after a tender leave-taking of Pocahuntas, how the ungrateful colonists captured the girl and held her as hostage, how the report of Captain Smith's death came to Jamestown and was believed by all, how the Indian maiden was wooed and won by Rolfe, how she went to England and was the honored guest of royalty, how she saw Captain Smith at Shakespeare's theatre, how her love for him revived and filled her

with despair, how she sickened and died,—such is the outline of this fascinating story. The author tells it, without the waste of a word, and with simplicity, directness and force.

Disastrous Financial Panics: Cause and Remedy. By Jesse Gillmore, San Diego, Cal. Price 25 cents.

"Indeed, a most love of a book," wrote some one rapturously of a volume which had pleased him immensely. One is tempted to repeat the phrase in reference to Mr. Gillmore's little work, because he has swept out the ambiguous, the obscure and tiresome, condensed statistical tables into a few lines and made his subject vitally interesting. The difficulty of enlightening a majority of people on the evils of our financial system consists in the refusal of the reader to be bored by dreary compilations of figures and tedious elaborations. Mr. Gillmore's book is history and logic in so entertaining a form that the reader is delighted; and even a school boy would find in it nothing dull or confusing. The true test of a popular work on an instructive subject really is whether or not it is laid down by the reader with a definite: "Why, I understand that. It was never made so plain to me before."

The small price and the ease with which the pamphlet may be handled and read should make "Disastrous Financial Panics" a very valuable contribution to the cause of reform.

The Cure of Consumption, Coughs and Colds. By Fred. K. Kaessman. Price 10 cents. Health-Wealth Publishing House, Lawrence, Mass.

A neat booklet containing encouraging words and advice that will prove exceedingly beneficial wherever practicable to follow. And even where the suggestions cannot be carried out completely, the sufferer from lung trouble should approximate the ideal conditions for cure as closely as possible.

The work emphasizes the value of fresh air, exercise and wholesome food and the worthlessness of patent nostrums.

Usury. By Calvin Elliott. Price \$1.
Published by the Anti-Usury League,
Albany, Oregon.

It is safe to say that more sincere Christians have been gulled into submission to injustice and oppression by the Scriptural phrase, "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's," than by anything else. Therefore, Mr. Calvin's careful analysis of the economical situation created by the custom of exacting usury is enormously

strengthened by his clear conception of the true meaning of Bible sayings. He traces the history of interest through both Old and New Testaments down to the present time and shows beyond cavil the inquiry of a system which insures the perpetual enslavement of a debt-paying class for the benefit of a moneyed aristocracy.

There can be no freedom so long as usury endures. We may sometimes sigh for the power of a king—but what European monarch does not servilely bow to the will of the house of Rothschild? Until we have corrected the ability to extort taxes from generations yet unborn, we may expect neither liberty, nor justice nor equality.



EVOLUTION

By LANGDON SMITH

When you were a tadpole and I was a fish,
In the Paleozoic time,
And side by side on the ebbing tide,
We sprawled through the ooze and slime,
Or skittered with many a caudal flip,
Through the depths of the Cambrian fen,
My heart was rife with the joy of life,
For I loved you even then.

Mindless we lived and mindless we loved,
And mindless at last we died;
And deep in a rift of the Caradoc drift
We slumbered side by side.
The world turned on in the lathe of time,
The hot lands heaved amain,
Till we caught our breath from the womb of death,
And crept into light again.

We were amphibians, scaled and tailed,
And drab as a dead man's hand;
We coiled at ease 'neath the dripping trees,
Or trailed through the mud and sand,
Croaking and blind, with our three-clawed feet
Writing a language dumb,
With never a spark in the empty dark
To hint at a life to come.

Yet happy we lived, and happy we loved,
And happy we died once more;
Our forms were rolled in the clinging mold
Of a Neocomian shore.
The eons came, and the eons fled,
And the sleep that wrapped us fast
Was riven away in a newer day,
And the night of death was past.

Then light and swift through the jungle trees
We swung in our airy flights,
Or breathed in the balms of the fronded palms,
In the hush of the moonless nights.

And oh! what beautiful years were these,
 When our hearts clung each to each;
 When life was filled, and our senses thrilled
 In the first faint dawn of speech.

Thus life by life, and love by love,
 We passed through the cycles strange,
 And breath by breath, and death by death,
 We followed the chain of change.
 Till there came a time in the law of life
 When over the nursing sod
 The shadows broke, and the soul awoke
 In a strange, dim dream of God.

I was thewed like an Auroch bull,
 And tusked like the great Cave Bear;
 And you, my sweet, from head to feet,
 Were gowned in your glorious hair.
 Deep in the gloom of a fireless cave,
 When the night fell o'er the plain,
 And the moon hung red o'er the river bed,
 We numbled the bones of the slain.

I flaked a flint to a cutting edge,
 And shaped it with brutish craft;
 I broke a shank from the woodland dank,
 And fitted it, head and haft,
 Then I hid me close to the reedy tarn,
 Where the Mammoth came to drink—
 Through brawn and bone I drove the stone,
 And slew him upon the brink.

Loud I howled through the moonlit wastes,
 Loud answered our kith and kin;
 From west and east to the crimson feast,
 The clan came trooping in.
 O'er joint and gristle and padded hoof,
 We fought, and clawed and tore,
 And cheek by jowl, with many a growl,
 We talked the marvel o'er.

I carved the fight on a reindeer bone,
 With rude and hairy hand,
 I pictured his fall on the cavern wall
 That men might understand.
 For we lived by blood, and the right of might,
 Ere human laws were drawn,
 And the age of sin did not begin
 Till our brutal tusks were gone.

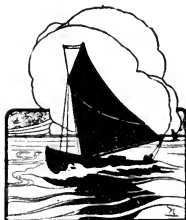
And that was a million years ago,
 In a time that no man knows;
 Yet here tonight in the mellow light,
 We sit at Delmonico's;
 Your eyes are deep as the Devon springs,
 Your hair is dark as jet;
 Your years are few, your life is new,
 Your soul untried, and yet—

Our trail is on the Kimmeridge clay,
 And the scarp of the Purbeck flags,
 We have left our bones in the Bagshot stones,
 And deep in the Coraline crags;
 Our love is old, our lives are old,
 And death shall come amain;
 Should it come today, what man may say,
 We shall not live again?

God wrought our souls from the Tremadoc beds
 And furnished them wings to fly;
 He sowed our spawn in the world's dim dawn,
 And I know that it shall not die.
 Though cities have sprung above the graves
 Where the crook-boned men made war,
 And the ox-wain creaks o'er the buried caves,
 Where the mummied mammoths are.

Then as we linger at luncheon here,
 O'er many a dainty dish,
 Let us drink anew to the time when you
 Were a tadpole and I was a fish.

ED. NOTE: Above striking poem is reproduced at the special request of a friend.



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